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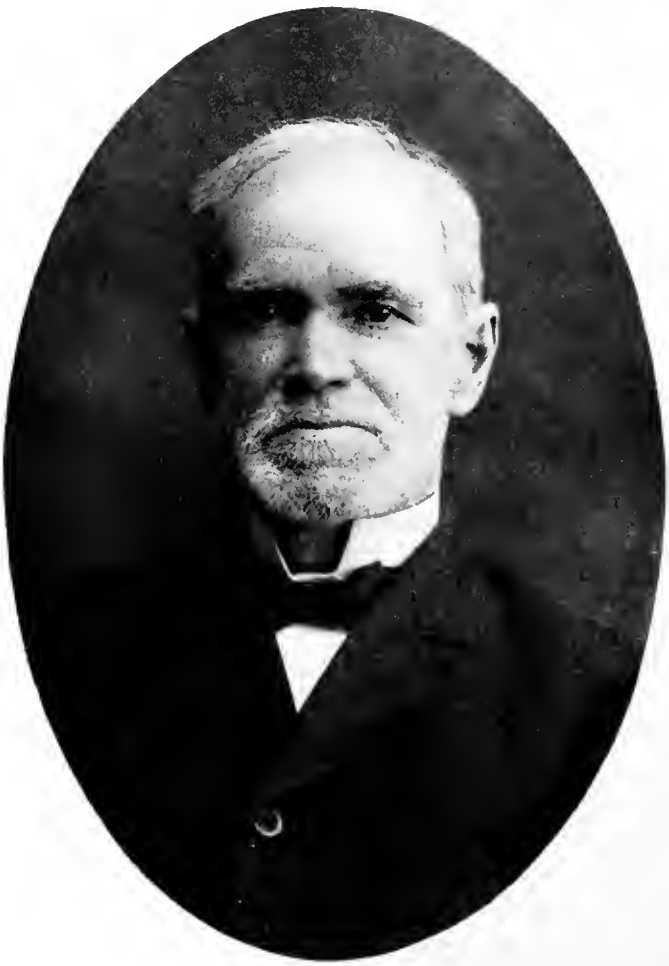

TO

Dr. Henry Garst

WHOSE LOYAL AND SELF-SACRIFICING DEVOTION TO OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, HAS WON THE SUPREME RESPECT AND LOVING VENERATION OF ALUMNI AND STUDENTS DO WE, THE CLASS OF 1908, DEDICATE THIS BOOK

Contents

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Dedication
Faculty
College Classes
Academy
Music and Art
Literary Societies
Athletics
Miscellaneous Organizations
Literature
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Ads

Editorial

Otterbein University will soon complete the sixtieth year of her history. In this, the sixth volume of the Sibyl, our chief purpose has been to set forth the crowning glories of sixty years. Many are the honors and great the achievements of this old college, but space permits us to mention only a few. We trust that a greater and deeper love for Otterbein will arise in the hearts of all who read this anniversary number of the Sibyl.

We have also endeavored to faithfully portray college life in Otterbein today, that it may interest not only present students, but those who may enter her sacred halls in future years. In judging our feeble efforts, we hope to receive the same fairness which we have endeavored to use throughout this volume.

We wish to express our appreciation to all who have contributed in any way to this Sibyl. To Miss Clifton, Mr. Sprafford, Mr. Grove, the "Ohio Sun" and many others do we feel especially indebted.

EDITORS.

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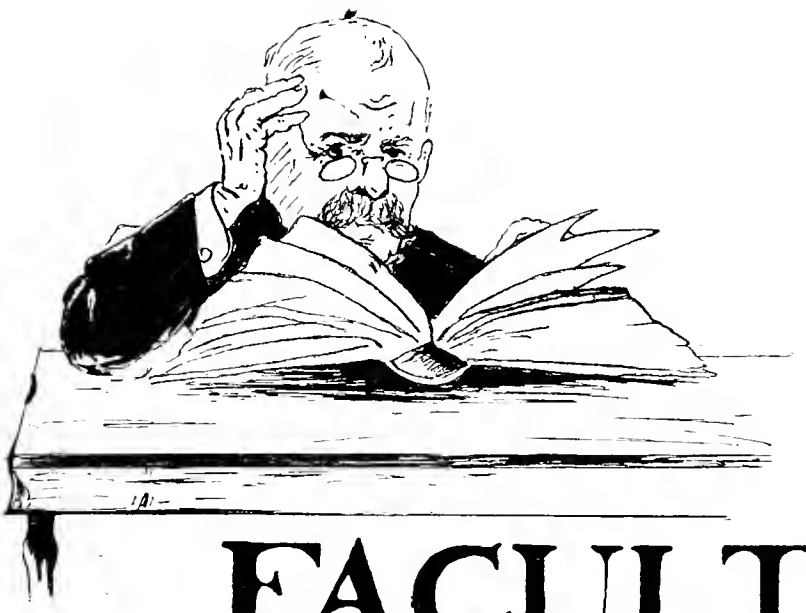

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Vice-President

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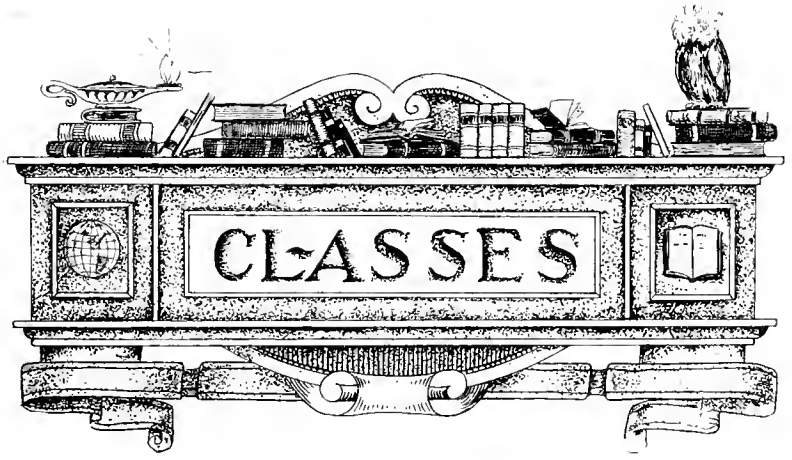
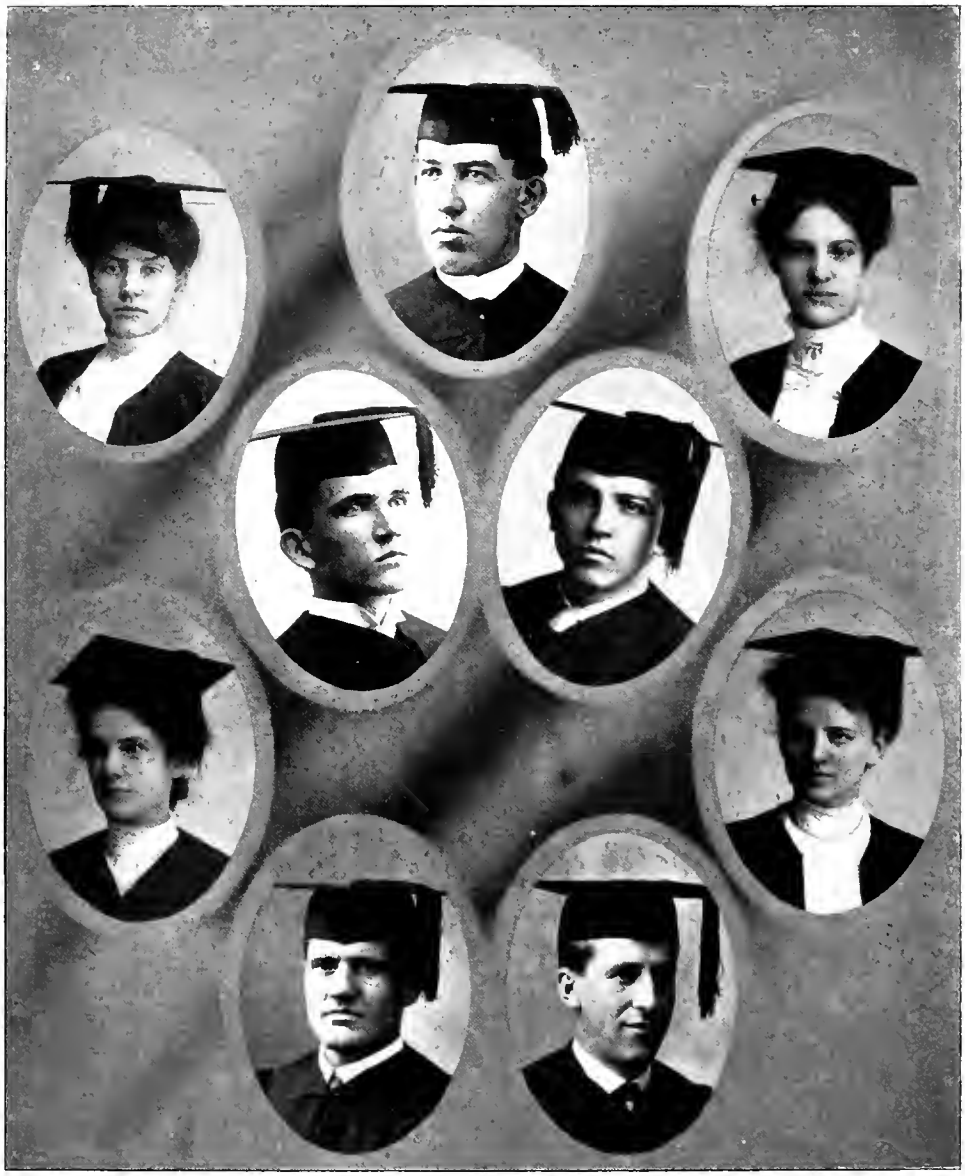

CLASSES

Senior Class



Otterbein Andrew Bailey

Nellie Lenore Boring — Dora Bennet Moore

Karl Halterman Rymer — Vinton Dasher Singer

Mary Shauck Weinland — Gertrude Louisa Barnett

Hiram Maynard Worstell — Walter DeVaine Kring

Senior Class

Mary Courtright
Benjamin Carl Bailey
Bertha Charles
Eugene Clark Worman
Mary Esther Lambert

Frances Ellen Barnett
Harry Fagan Sayre
James Warren Ayre
Samuel LeRoy Postlethwait
Zetta Maude Truxal

Senior Class

Georgia Park

Lewis Edwin Myers

Ora Leta Bale

Frank Asher Kisley

Oscar Henry Charles

Elmer Lloyd Porter

William Garfield Snavely

Edward Waldo Emerson Schear

Nellis Rebok Funk

Class History of 1907

It was four years ago, at the bewitching hour of midnight. The lean old moon hung in the east and cast a ghastly radiance on the world. Owls and bats were abroad, and Banshees, headless horses and barking dogs gave death warnings.

Some little, dark forms stole silently into the dismal-looking old laboratory and formed a circle around a brazier. Apart from them, in a dark corner of the room, sat a brooding Spirit. Her long, jet-black hair hung in disheveled strings over her face, while her small, bent form was enveloped in a cloak as black as night. Her voice could be heard occasionally as she mumbled some queer cantations, reminding one of the moaning wind on one of those dark and stormy nights when witches and ghosts chase each other through the air.

Just in front of the Spirit stood an old dilapidated table upon which burned a live fire. Test tubes, porcelain crucibles and mortars were much in evidence and attracted the attention of the small dark forms who gathered in a circle and danced about the table of the Spirit. At all appearances pleased with the actions of the wee forms, the Spirit slowly arose from her invisible seat, waved her long bony hands mysteriously in the air several times, and with a weak, moaning voice declared that a great plan had matured in her cloudy mind and, uttering words of doubtful portent, she sprinkled a magic powder upon the little black forms and upon the coals. A bright violet flame arose, a sharp explosion followed, and when the smoke died away, lo the dark forms no longer "Preps" and not yet Freshmen had vanished. In their stead, no less than forty brilliant violet particles went flying through the air each in a different direction. These the Spirit quickly caught by means of a large net made of cob webs, cast them into a mortar, ground them up to a fine powder, and then treated the result with a sweet tempered potion. The grand result of the experiment was an organized Freshman class filled with the fire of genius.

One by one these lively creatures jumped out of the mortar and danced round the Spirit singing:

"Of Naught-Seven we are the class,
To-night from Prepdom's ranks we pass,
If we are now such as you see,
What will our class, when Seniors be?"

With the residue, left in a confused state by the spirited Freshmen forms, the old Spirit experimented again and again. For the most part, she rejected the results as unsuited to her masterpieces, the little transformed beings. A few

of the compounds, however, she placed into a jar labelled "'06," and the remaining particles were thrown into a mortar in which lay a chaotic mass from which the class of "'08" was later evolved.

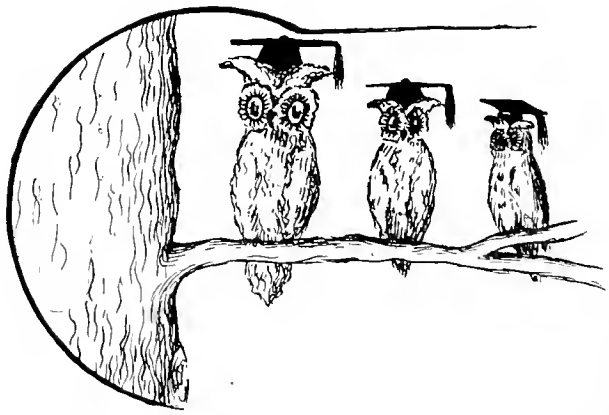
Life-giving potions were added, at intervals, to the live coals by the Spirit, who watched her subjects as they assumed new forms at each glowing of the fire. Renewed life and rapid growth characterized the dancing creatures until finally, by the aid of the Spirit, they reached that state of perfection—Seniority.

"And now our caps and gowns reminds us,
Four years have passed away,
Since first we saw the campus
As Freshmen, wise and gay."

The import of these last lines made the Spirit look sad. She covered her face with her immense black hood, and after a few wild gestures, poured forth startling prophecies upon the trembling Senior dignitaries.

"You are justified in being proud of your rank in all that has been worth undertaking," she began. "As I look into the past, I see you victors in your class-room, conquerors in athletics, nor do you occupy a humble place in the hearts of your professors. Your reputation, oh ye trembling ones, is as enviable to-night as it was that night I hovered near in Dr. Scott's recitation room!" "And so with this potion," throwing upon them a bright liquid, "I endow you with the characteristics of honesty, generosity and compassion. In every department of college life, may you shine forth as radiant stars and may your college teams realize that they never could have existed, had it not been for the noble lives of '07. Should I detain you to relate the innumerable achievements to which you shall attain, you would not reach your class-room in time to graduate. You will soon say 'Farewell' to Otterbein, and will then embark upon the sea of Life, but I promise you glorious prospects for the future."

With these words, the Spirit vanished, and when the Seniors had recovered from their bewilderment, they departed for their homes.



Junior Class

Mary Maud Billman
Mabel Edith Gardner

Raymond Darling Bennett
Lynn Eugene Garwood

Hester Amanda Baird
Adah Catharine Gaut

Junior Class

Minnie Maude Lesher — Margaret Dott Warner

Robert Keller Staley — Edna May Streich — Walter Howard Trimmer

Guy Swartzel — Gerald Clinton Hamilton

Junior Class

Lulu Gertrude Bookwalter
James Henry Weaver

Viola Pearl Henry
Luther Kumler Funkhouser

Blanche Bailey
Lafe Pence Cooper

"Naughty Eight"

Of all the classes we have seen,
There is one that is the best,
With loyal hearts and goodly cheer
Their merit is confessed.
The noble class of Nineteen Eight,
The clan of orange and black,
The Juniors, staunch, lead all the rest,
In nothing do they lack.

The fame of every other class
Can not at all compare
With the fame of which Naught Eight can boast
Whose laurels are so rare.
Then by our class we'll always stand
Let what will, come between
The jolly class of Nineteen Eight,
Whom all of us esteem.

The Seniors and the Sophomores, too
With whom we've had to cope,
Will always be to us good friends
And we to them, 'tis hoped.
And our friends, the Freshmen, we adore
We love them one and all—
They are to us true friends of friends
Of greatest power, tho' small.

Our college course will soon be run,
And we must then depart,
But we shall ne'er forget Naught Eight
Of whose life we formed a part.
But we'll rally round old "Orange and Black,"
And our college days so dear,
For our hearts are with thee, Nineteen Eight
Our love we pledge thee here.

E. M. S.

The Class of Naughty-Eight

It was Thursday evening. The minute hand on the clock was slowly measuring the latter half of the hour between nine and ten. Professor X— had been taking his accustomed mental relaxation by letting his imagination follow the guidance of one of his favorite French authors. The book finished, he had tossed it on the table and had leaned back comfortably in his Morris rocker.

The Professor's wife, interested in all affairs of the college world, and always especially anxious on Thursday evenings to hear even the minutest details of those mysterious and imposing conclaves which we commonly call Faculty meetings, had broken the quiet by inquiring whether any matters of unusual moment had been discussed by that august body at its session that afternoon.

The Professor assumed, as best he could, an attitude of befitting profundity and said, "Well, no, nothing special, except that we——"

Zip-zum, Zip-zum, Zip-zum-za!
Skeebo, Skibo, Rah, Rah, Rah!
Zip-a-lac, Bic-a-lac, Chic-a-lac-a-late!
Whoopee, Bill, for Nineteen-Eight!

The sound waves of the first startling "Zip-zum," traversing the short space between the front yard and the parlor, and reaching the Professor's ear, caused him to stop without finishing the sentence. By the time that the inspiring echoes of "Whoopee, Bill, for Nineteen-Eight" were reverberating thru the room, he had started toward the door, intending to invite the serenaders in; but, after a second thought, and a glance at his watch, he sat down again.

"They must be showing their appreciation of what I said this afternoon at the Faculty meeting," said Professor X— after the people had left. "I helped put out a College Annual one year myself, and I know what an immense lot of work it means; and I put in a good word for them this afternoon. And, by the way, there are some people in that Junior Class that Otterbein could not well do without."

"For instance, what would Otterbein be without "Dad" Trimmer? "Dad" himself says that he is the busiest man in college. The years of his sojourn in Otterbein mount well up into the teens already—and we decided to-day, that

if "Dad" should ever graduate, we would offer him a pension and a chair in the Faculty, rather than lose the services of so valuable a guardian angel of the fair sex."

"Speaking about old-timers," said Mrs. X—, "I was talking with Mr. Hamilton the other day, and he was telling me about some stunts the boys did here back in the early nineties."

"Yes," responded her husband, "Hamilton left school several years ago and went into business, but he came back this year, giving up a $3,000 job in an incubator factory to manage the financial end of the 1908 Sibyl."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. X—, "that Jimmy Weaver tried to get my subscription for a "Sibyl" the other day. Do you know, Jimmy always makes me think of that old proverb about an empty wagon making the most noise. But they say that he is an exception to that rule, as well as to most others, especially Dormitory rules."

"By the way, and I don't just understand why, but speaking of that man Weaver reminds me of what Miss Zellar said at the Faculty meeting this afternoon," replied Prof. X—. "After speaking in the most eloquent terms of a certain young gentleman in the Junior Class, she indulged in a rather protracted panegyric over a couple of the Junior girls. She said that Blanche Bailey and Dot Warner hadn't caused her a particle of trouble since the first two or three weeks. But she couldn't understand how such a quiet and bashful girl as Blanche could be such a star basket-ball player; she thought, however, that Dot must have gotten her quiet disposition by spending so much time in the College Library."

Mrs. X—: "I was over at the Dorm, yesterday myself, and was looking thru some of the girls' rooms. Minnie Lesher must be inordinately fond of trigonometry for she has all the formulae from Lyman and Goddard's text-book posted on the walls of her room. Hester Baird's room is a remarkable study in colors. She is making a collection of gay-colored College pennants, and she told me that she had petitioned the Faculty to substitute Yellow and Green for the Cardinal and Tan, because the latter are not showy enough for college colors."

Prof. X—: "Yes, and I remember Miss Baird and Lulu Bookwalter getting into a heated argument over this very subject in my first year French class the other day. At the mere suggestion of such a sacrilegious thing as changing the college colors, Miss Bookwalter was aroused to such a degree that Miss Baird has never dared mention such an idea since."

"Speaking of Minnie Lesher—did you ever notice that fellow that always sings with Miss Lesher in chapel? No? Well, that's Lynn Garwood. Miss Lesher says that he often gets to singing some incoherent, unintelligible lines about the "Federal Inheritance Tax" during the musical part of his devotions, in-

stead of the words that are set to the music in the book. The only peculiar thing about Garwood is that he doesn't appear to understand the girls."

"That massive, distinguished looking gentleman that sits next to Garwood? Well, that's Cooper. Cooper is a mechanic. He has been experimenting for several months on a perpetual motion device, and is also trying to discover the secret of terrestrial organic life, in the biological laboratory. He claims to be approaching success in both lines."

"I judged," interrupted Mrs. X—, "from the appearance of the Junior rows in Chapel the other morning, that there were several people in the class who were winning distinction in their chosen lines of work."

"Yes," replied the Professor, "you are right about that. There's Adah Gaut, for instance. She is turning the art students green with envy, with some of her work. She is especially fond of outdoor studies, and I was told that there isn't another girl in school that can equal her in sketching Barn(e)s."

"In the literary line there are Edna Streich, "Tub" Staley, and Funkhouser. It is said that last winter, Dr. Sherrick refused to order some textbooks on American literature because they only devoted a short paragraph to Miss Streich and her work; and that the early arrival of spring this year was due to its anxiety to serve as a subject for her talent."

"Staley and Funkhouser are prominent members of the Otterbein Associated Press, and have both distinguished themselves in journalism as well as in other lines; Funkhouser has invented a wonderful instrument for the use of members of college choruses and has already made an enormous fortune. "Tub" is also amassing considerable wealth in the tailoring business. The only fault I have to find with him is that he is afraid of the girls."

Mrs. X—: "I don't believe I told you that I had a couple of callers this afternoon, did I? Well, Mabel Gardner and Maude Billman dropped in for about five minutes, but I was certainly glad to see them for even that long. Maude says that Mabel was so awfully busy that she would consent to come only on condition that Maude would walk at the greatest possible rate of speed, and wouldn't stop and talk with any of the boys at the postoffice. Mabel only intended to stay about two minutes, but Maude became so enthusiastic talking about Junior rhetoric that they were compelled to prolong their call a few minutes beyond what Mabel really had time for."

"They were telling me about Viola Henry; that she had decided to study domestic science in a year or two, but that she hadn't fully decided whether she would teach afterwards or apply her training in a more usual field. Miss Henry is in one of your French classes, isn't she?"

Prof. X—: "Oui, Oui, and that reminds me of what Bennett was telling me to-day. He said that he had just secured a position as head of the French department in the University of Oklahoma at $250 a year, and in connection

with this he got a $1,000 job as chief electrician of the girls' dormitory. It seems to be no trouble for an Otterbein man to get a good job anywhere in the country."

"That's good," replied the Professor's wife. "Well, it seems to me that we must have talked about nearly everybody in that class that gave us such an unexpected serenade a little while ago. But there's one fellow that sits with the Junior's that I don't believe I know. He must have just come in this year."

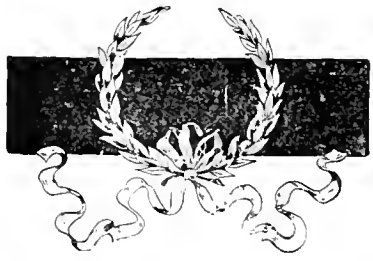
Prof. X—: "Oh, that's Swartzel, the orator."

Mrs. X—: "He's a married man, isn't he?"

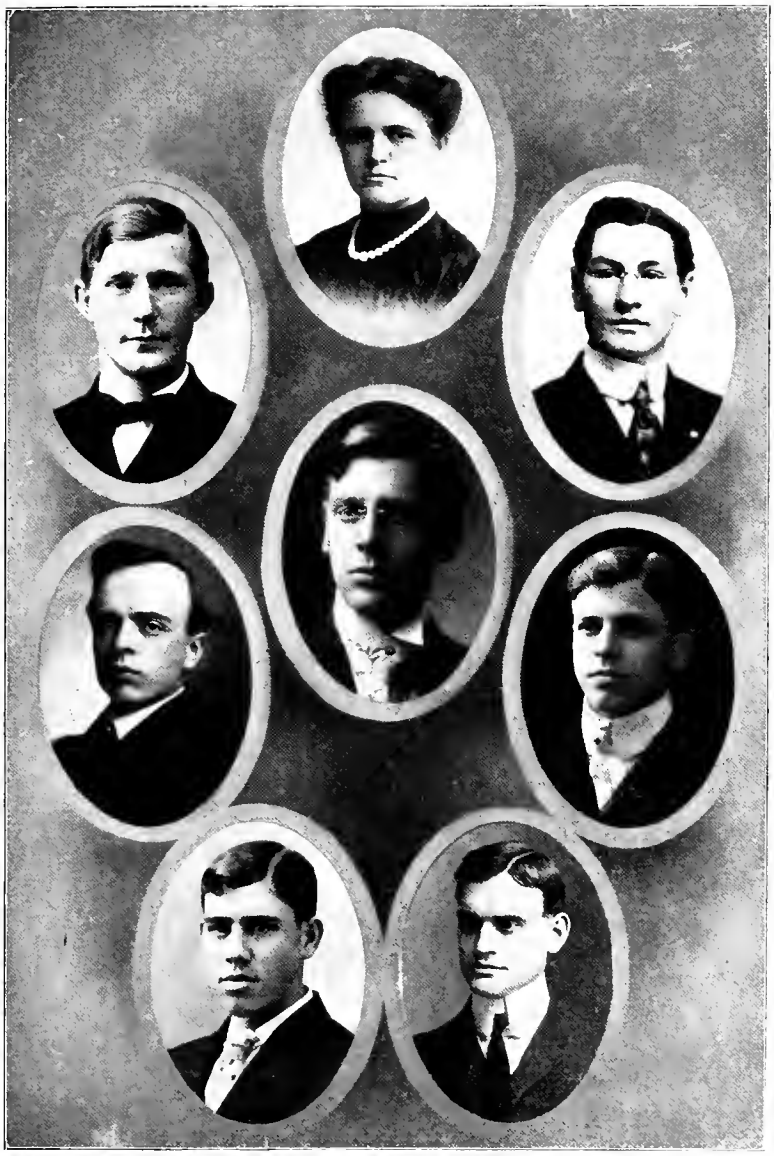
"No, hardly," said the Professor, "but as to married people, and I don't believe I had ever thought of it before, the Juniors are the only class in College who are not burdened with that particular species of college student. As for Swartzel, he's an orator, and has a habit, whenever there is anyone around, of pouring forth into their unwilling ears such an effusion of eloquence and wisdom, that even the girls complain that they can't get a word in edgewise when Swartzel is in the crowd. However, in spite of this, he has no difficulty in making calls at Cochran Hall whenever he chooses, and——. What! is the clock striking ten already?"

The lateness of the hour reminded the Professor that he had several letters to write before his day's work was done.

He sat down at his desk and entered into his work with unusual energy. The subject of their conversation had been an inspiring one.



Sophomore Class



Irvin Roscoe Libecap

Lelia Myrtle Karg

Christopher Albert Welch

Harvey Gilbert McFarren

Charles Franklin Meyer

Arthur Frederick Weber

Bertram Winfield Saul

Merley Omar Titus

Sophomore Class

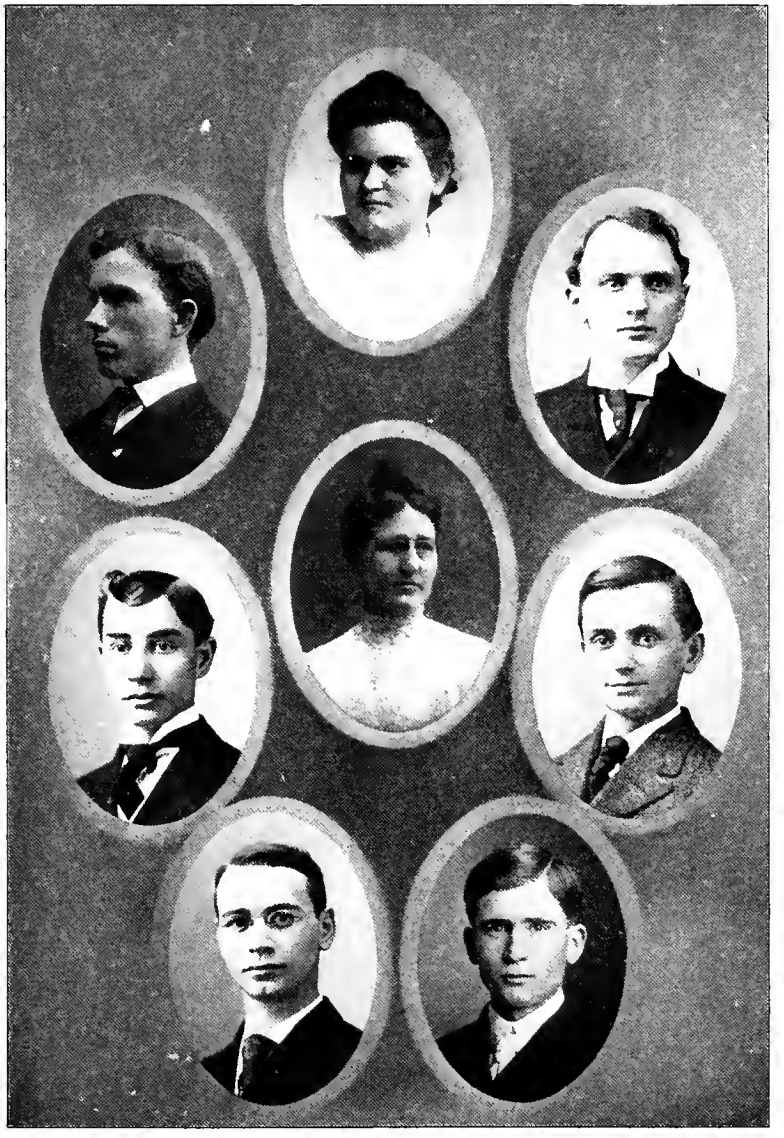
Rachel Clarissa Worstell

Frederick Kline — Marquis Andrew Phinney

Noble Furney Latto — George Shaw Meyer

Frank Leslie Strahl — Dwight Lewis Mathias — Frank Merrick Sayre

Sophomore Class



Una Echo Karg

Charles Henry Kohler — George Clinton Daugherty

Minnie Agnes Hall

Thomas Blair Mowei — LeRoy Cleveland Hensel

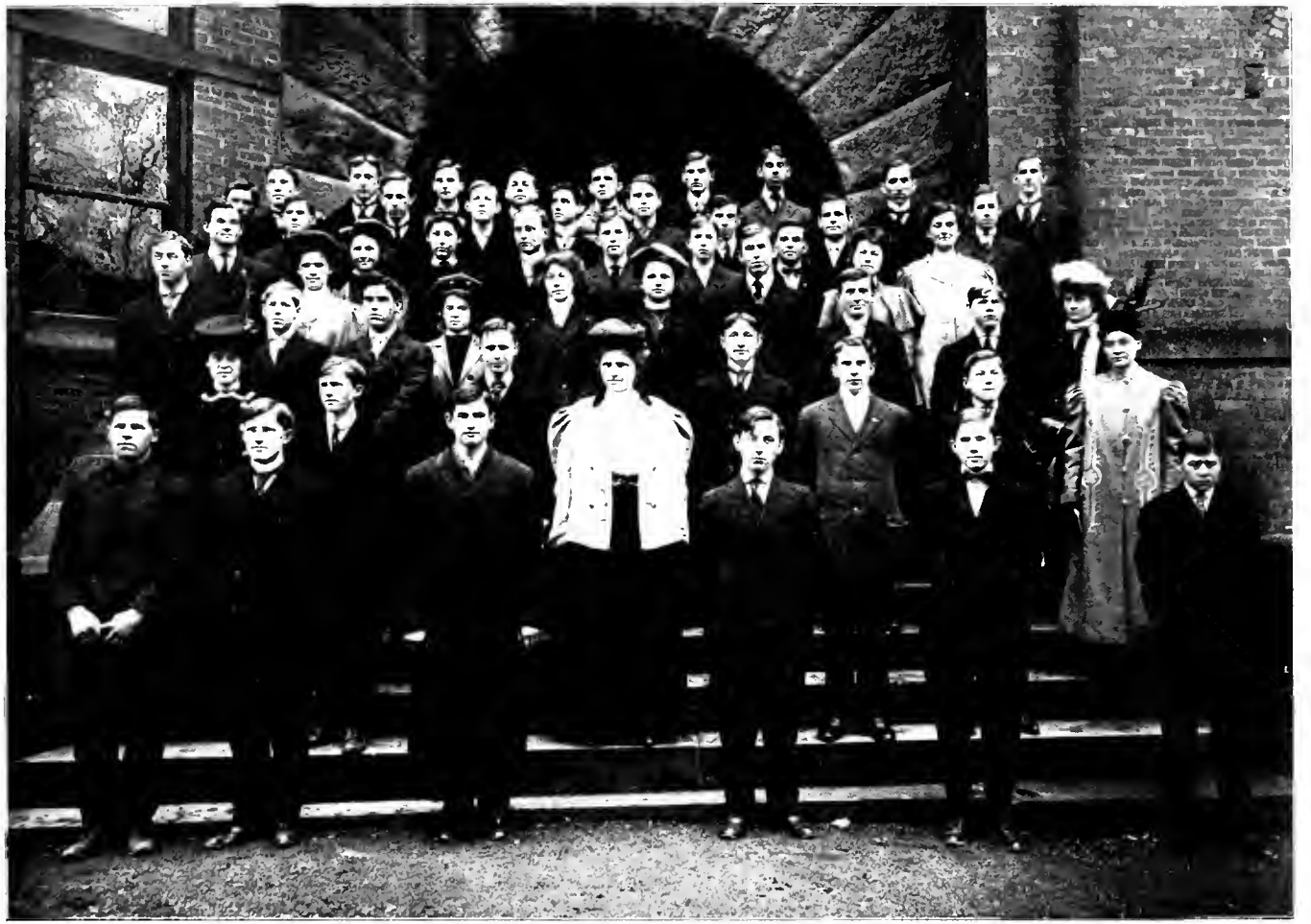
Clovis Victor Niswonger — William Day Rymer

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

Albert, Orrin Wilson
Bailey, Cloyd Leonard
Bailey, Sadie Florence
Baker, Emanuel Harris
Barnett, Oliga Mae
Bates, Leila Alice
Beeson, Elmer Garfield
Bellinger, Delpha Blanche
Belt, Emma Ellen
Belt, Ida Louisa
Bonebrake, Margaret Marie
Bookwalter, Ruth Emma
Buttermore, Ada May
Buttermore, Almira Sprinkle
Cornetet, Dwight Lowell
Cory, Myra Alice
Cox, Edith Mundhenk
Custer, Luzerne
Dehnhoff, Charles Virgil
Dick, Sarah May
Drury, Horace Bookwalter
Duckwall, George William
Essig, Lester John
Fansher, Frederick William
Farlow, Edna
Flashman, Charles Cornelius
Garst, Minnie Pauline
Gifford, Estella Gertrude
Grant, Claudius
Hall, Elizabeth Mary
Hansford, Maude
Hawley, Guy Daniel
Heller, Orpha Grace
Hewitt, Anna Montgomery
Huddleston, Lambert Arthur
Jones, Orel
Karg, Rollin Orestes
Keister, Albert Samuel
Ketner, Forrest Guy
Luh, Philip Casper
Martin, Marie Belle
Martin, Royal Frederick
Menke, Floyd Henry
Meyer, Edith Gertrude
Morris, Ralph Hamilton
Morrison, Edith Lucile
Mumma, Golda Emma
Mumma, Grace Irene
Nau, John Harold
Niswonger, Reverdy Charles
Nunemaker, Noah Bright
Phinney, Eva Mathers
Putt, Mabel Violet
Ressler, Lillian
Ressler, Roy Samuels
Roop, Carl Vernon
Sechrist, Mary Susan
Smith, John Franklin
Smith, Louella May
Stevenson, Anna Fay
Stevenson, Mary Maude
Stouffer, Karl
Streich, Ralph Ebert
Swigart, Zella
Taylor, Emma Louise
Thompson, Dorothea
Thompson, Harry Daniel
Thuma, Harriette Lautz
Wagner, John Andrew
Wales, Roscoe Arthur
Walters, Grace Mabel
Walters, Luther Earl
Warner, Henry Hix
Weaver, Earl Crosby
Welbaum, Cletus Roy
Wildermuth, Elias Fay
Williams, Clarence Francis
Williamson, Ruth Findlay
Young, Harry Emmitt
Zuerner, Frank Dewitt

PREPS.



PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

Preparatory Students

Anderson, William Craig
Ankeny, Sara Elta
Bailey, Walter Reuben
Bailey, Ward
Baird, Harold Clair
Belchar, James Willis
Bell, Beulah Frances
Bender, Clark Osro
Bender, George Dewitt
Bennett, Winifred Isabel
Beougher, Pearl Edward
Bilsing, Sherman Weaver
Bossart, George Wagoner
Bower, Ernest Manly
Brooks, Alonzo Earl
Brown, Mary Margaret
Brown, William Edward
Brown, William Logan
Clymer, Carlton
Comer, Charles
Cook, Alva Dean
Cox, James Otis
Croghan, Henry Monroe
Crosby, Ross Meily
Daugherty, Bessie Loula
Davis, David James
Davis, Henry James
Downing, Pearl
Duckwall, Myrtle Belle
Durrant, Bronson Alcott
Dutton, Myron Clifton
Eidemiller, Henry Esta
Emmitt, Caroline Sarah
Emmitt, Robert Earnest
Engle, Jesse
Evans, Flora Schafer
Ewry, Charles
Flora, John Harvey
Fouts, Helen
Funk, Alford
Gardner, Will Albert
Gaver, Margaret Ellen
Gerlaugh, Elizabeth
Gifford, Maybel Mariah
Gilbert, Mary Ethel
Good, Jeannette
Goughnour, Joseph
Grabill, Glenn Grant
Grise, William Bramwell
Hanawalt, Edith
Hanawalt, John Wesley
Harkins, Roy Lauver
Hogg, John Thompson
Hopkins, Mabel
Howe, Earl DeWitt
Huber, William Henry
Jennings, Raymond
John, Maud
Keesy, Leon Castle
King, Arthur Loy
Knapp, Walter Arnold
Kohler, Arthur Paul
Lambert, Homer Parent
Learish, Elmer Burton
Lesher, James Elias
Linard, Howard Wesley

Locke, Delmont
Lutz, Melvin Eugene
McCamment, Edward Kennedy
McCleery, Franklin Ross
McFarland, Guy Edison
McMahon, Flora Henrietta
McMahon, Lola Ree
Meyer, Agnes May
Meyer, Lucy Caroline
Moody, George Ernest
Moore, Lewis
Muskopf, Marcellus Albert
Nowers, Lucy Cavell
Oehlschlegel, Ida Olga
Pfotzer, John George
Rininger, Margaret Olive
Rogers, Percy Harold
Rosecrans, Mary
Sanders, Charles Finney
Sheller, Mary Catharine
Shumaker, Don Cameron
Shunk, Fannie Louise
Spafford, Glenn Dell
Sprague, Helen
Stine, Milford Otillion
Stringer, John Allison
Surrell, Donna
Thomen, Grace
Tobias, Harold Garst
Voorhies, Sherman Otis
Walcutt, Roscoe Raymond
Watson, John
Weekley, Harvey Hall
Worstell, Sylvia Belle
Wyandt, Effie Ruth
Young, Curtis Kumler
Ziegler, Mates

MUSIC AND ART

ART DEPARTMENT

Art Students

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Ankeny, Sara Elta
Ayer, James Warren
Bailey, Blanche
Bailey, Sadie Florence
Bailey, Ward
Baird, Harold Clair
Baird, Hester Amanda
Bard, Mary
Barnett, Frances Ellen
Barnett, Gertrude Louisa
Barnett, Oliga Mae
Bell, Beulah Frances
Bellinger, Delpha Blanche
Belt, Ida Louisa
Bennett, Edith
Bonebrake, Margaret Marie
Bookwalter, Lulu Gertrude
Bowers, Iva
Brenan, Ethel
Clements, Sarah
Courtright, Mary
Farlow, Edna
Flook, Otis
Gaut, Adah Catharine
Gifford, Carl Ellwood
Hall, Minnie Agnes
Henry, Viola Pearl
Holcomb, Clara
Hopkins, Mabel

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Lloyd, Eva Ranck
Markley, Josephine Mariam
McFadden, Meta Alice
McFarland, Golda Gray
Morrison, Edith Lucile
Murray, Jennie Florence
Muskopf, Marcellus Albert
Pace, Elsie Lulu
Pease, Merle
Pinny, Fern
Putt, Mabel
Ressler, Ethel Mabel
Roop, Flossie Theo
Rosecrans, Mary
Rymer, Karl Halterman
Shisler, Sara Lucile
Sheperd, Kate
Smith, Louella May
Stevenson, Anna Fay
Streich, Edna May
Thompson, Dorotha
Thompson, Harry Daniel
Truxal, Zetta Maude
Warner, Margaret Dott
Weinland, Mary Shauck
White, Elva
Worstell, Hiram Maynard

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

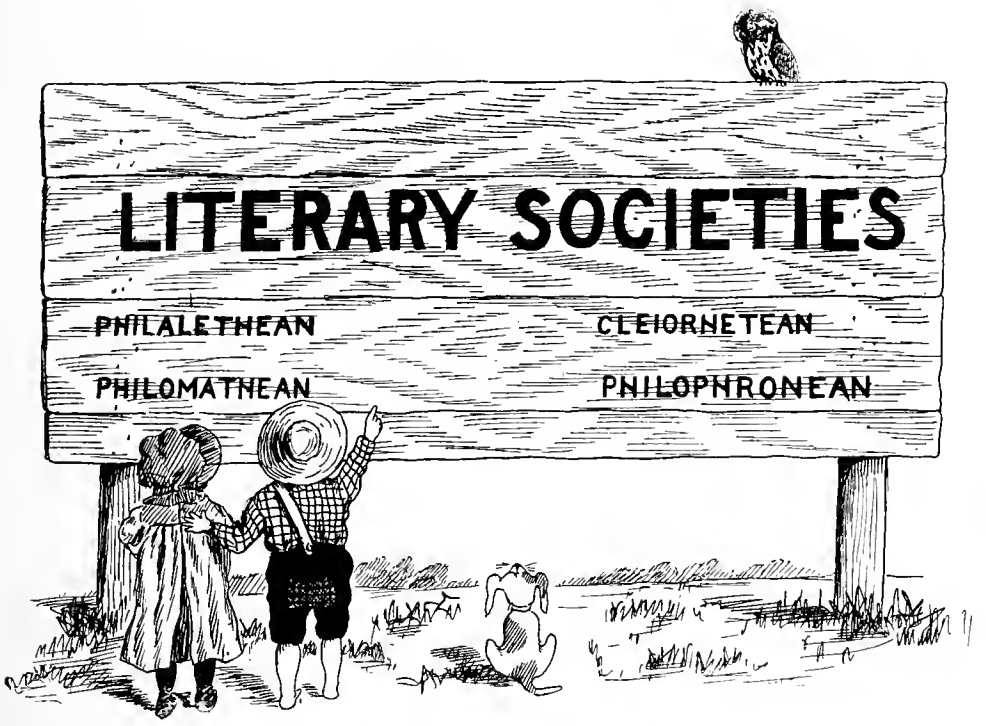
Music Students

Adams, Florence
Adams, Lois Louetta
Bailey, Sadie Florence
Baird, Harold Clair
Baird, Hester Amanda
Bale, Ila May
Barnett, Frances Ellen
Barnett, Gertrude Louisa
Bennett, Winifred Isabel
Birney, Mary Blanche
Bookwalter, Grace
Bookwalter, Lulu Gertrude
Bookwalter, Ruth Emma
Bower, Ernest Manly
Bowers, Iva
Brooks, Alonzo Earl
Brown, Mary Margaret
Brown, William Logan
Brundage, Ruth LaMeine
Buttermore, Ada May
Buttermore, Almira Sprinkle
Calhoon, Lena
Clark, Amanda
Cooley, Sarah
Cooper, Nina
Cory, Myra Alice
Counsellor, Clona Zephara
Crissinger, William Alfred
Crosby, Ross Meily
Cunningham, Gertrude Marie
Crouse, Lora Glenn
Davis, Anna
Daugherty, Benjamin
Daugherty, Bessie Loula
Dempsey, Laura
Dick, Sarah May
Dobbie, Isabel
Dover, Frank Milton
Downing, Pearl

MUSIC SENIORS
Elizabeth Gerlaugh
Ella Priscilla Barnes
Mary Adrienne Funk
Clyde Beatrice Heckert
Belle Elder

Durrant, Bronson Alcott
Durrant, Rollin Ray
Earl, Lula May
Ellis, Lucile Ethel
Farlow, Edna
Fisher, Ogiereto Fern
Fouts, Helen
Freeman, Carrie Frances
Funk, Alford
Funk, Nellis Rebok
Gardner, Mabel
Gardner, Will Albert
Gastinger, Florence
Gifford, Blanche
Gifford, Estella Gertrude
Good, Jeannette
Grabill, Glenn Grant
Groves, Mamie Catharine
Grubbs, Sadie Catharine
Hall, Lura May
Hall, Otterbein
Hanawalt, Edith
Hanawalt, Maude Alice
Hansford, Ethel
Hanson, May Nelle
Heller, Orpha Grace
Henry, Lillie Kathron
Henry, Viola Pearl
Hewitt, Anna Montgomery
Hewitt, Mary Elizabeth
Howett, Grace Anne
Hyatt, Lela
Jameson, Naomi
John, Maud
Johnson, Allie
Kanaga, Ruth Beatrice
Karg, Bertha
Karg, Lelia Myrtle
Karg, Una Echo

Keister, Albert Samuel
King, Arthur Loy
Kohler, Charles Henry
Kring, Ella May
Lambert, Mary Esther
Legg, Vesta Iras
Lesher, Clara Rebecca
Lesher, Edgar James
Linard, Howard Wesley
Martin, Maria Belle
Martin, Mearl
Martin, Stella
Mason, Grace Elizabeth
Mathias, Lewis Dwight
Maxwell, Effie Inezz
Mayhugh, Adria Clark
McDonald, Josephine Marie
McElwee, Ica Myrl
McFarland, Jennie
McMahon, Lola Ree
Miller, Ethel Dent
Miller, LeRoy Dent
Milner, Ona
Moody, Ruth Elizabeth
Morrison, Edith Lucile
Mumma, Golda Emma
Mumma, Grace Irene
Murray, Jennie Florence
Nunemaker, Noah Bright
Oehlschlegel, Ida Olga
Osborn, Helen
Park, Lelia Myrtle
Pinney, Fern
Ressler, Mary Grace
Ressler, Lillian
Robins, Clara Myrta
Rogers, Edna Marie
Roop, Flossie Theo
Rymer, Karl Halterman
Solladay, Blanche Allulu
Schear, Edward Waldo Emerson
Shisler, Sara Lucile
Stevenson, Anna Fay
Stevenson, Mary Maude
Surrell, Donna
Swisher, Edna Pauline
Thomen, Grace
Thompson, Dorotha
Todd, Gertrude Evelyn
Truitt, Susie
Vaughn, Nellie
Walcutt, Fern
Walters, Grace Mabel
Weaver, Earl Crosby
Wienland, Mary Shaneck
Wells, Frank
White, Elva
Wildermuth, Elias Fay
Williams, Clarence Francis
Williams, Ella Ophelia
Williamson, Ruth Findlay
Worstell, Hiram Maynard
Worstell, Nettie Theresa
Wright, Ambry Irene
Young, Curtis Kumler
Young, Evelyn Kinloch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CLEIORNETEAN
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PHILALETHEA —From a Photo by Baker, Cols., O.

Philalethean Roll

FOUNDED 1852.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

SENIORS.

Bale, Ora
Boring, Nellie
Courtright, Mary
Park, Georgia
Weinland, Mary
Elder, Belle
Gerlaugh, Beth
McMahon, Flora
Thompson, Nora

JUNIORS.

Bailey, Blanche
Billman, Maud
Bookwalter, Lulu
Gardner, Mable
Streich, Edna
Warner, Margaret

SOPHOMORES.

Karg, Myrtle
Karg, Una
Menke, Nellie

FRESHMEN.

Bailey, Sadie
Bennet, Winifred
Bookwalter, Ruth
Bonebrake, Margaret
Buttermore, Ada
Buttermore, Almira
Corey, Myra
Cox, Edith
Fouts, Helen
Garst, Minnie
Gifford, Stella
Hall, Mary
Hewitt, Anne
Mumma, Grace
Mumma, Golda
Smith, Luella

ACADEMIC.

Daugherty, Bessie
Gilbert, Ethel
Heller, Grace
Rininger, Olive
Woessner, Elsie

MUSIC.

Counsellor, Clona
Dick, May
Good, Jeannette
Hanson, Nelle
McMahon, Lola
Wright, Irene

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Bale, Ila
Belt, Ida
Bower, Iva
Brundage, Ruth
Emmitt, Mrs. Caroline
Evans, Mrs. Flora
Farlow, Edna
Fisher, Ogiereto
Gifford, Blanche
Howett, Grace
Hopkins, Mable
Kanaga, Ruth
Martin, Mearle
Moody, Mrs. Ruth
Murray, Jennie
Roop, Flossie
Rosselot, Mrs. Eathel
Shisler, Sara
Surrell, Dona
Thomen, Grace
Thompson, Dorotha
Truitt, Susie
Wilson, Anna
Young, Evelyn

PHILOMATHEA —From a Photo by Orr-Kiefer, Cols., O.

Philomathean Roll

FOUNDED 1858.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

SENIORS.

Bailey, B. C.
Bailey, O. A.
Charles, O. H.
Meyers, L. E.
Porter, E. L.
Singer, V. D.
Smith, F. L.
Snavely, W. G.
Worman, E. C.

JUNIORS.

Bennet, R. D.
Funkhouser, L. K.
Garwood, L. E.
Hamilton, G. C.
Lawrence, E. A.
Staley, R. K.
Swartzel, G. D.
Weaver, J. H.

SOPHOMORES.

Hensel, L. C.
Kline, F. A.
Latto, N. F.
Libecap, I. R.
Mower, T. B.
Niswonger, C. V.
Saul, B. W.
Weber, A. F.
Welch, C. A.

FRESHMEN.

Bailey, C. L.
Beeson, E. G.
Drury, H. B.
Essig, L. J.
Fansher, F. W.
Hawley, G. D.
Karg, R. O.
Luh, P. C.
Martin, R. F.
McCamment, E. K.
Menke, F. H.
Morris, R. H.
Muskopf, M. A.
Nau, J. H.
Niswonger, R. C.
Roop, C. V.
Streich, R. E.
Thompson, H. D.
Wales, R. A.
Warner, H. H.
Welbaum, C. R.
Wildermuth, E. F.
Young, H. E.

ACADEMIC.

Baker, E. H.
Belchar, J. W.
Bender, G. D.
Bender, C. O.
Bilsing, S. W.
Brooks, A. E.
Comer, C. E.
Cook, A. D.
Cox, J. O
Dutton, M. C.
Eidemiller, H. E.
Emmitt, R. E.
Gardner, W. A.
Huber, W. H.
Moody, G. E.
Pfotzer, J. H.
Rogers, P. H.
Young, C. K.
Zeigler, B. W.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Bailey, H. W.
Bailey, W. R.
Black, J. A.
Clymer, Carleton
Daugherty, G. C.
Durrant, Bronson
Grise, W. A.
Jennings, A. R.
Knapp, W. A.
Kohler, C. H.
King, Arthur
Howe, E. D.
Locke, C. D.
Macy, G. D.
Meyer, G. S.
Sayre, F. M.
Sayre, H. F.
Tobias, H. G.

CLEIORHETEA —From a Photo by Baker, Cols., O.

Cleiorhetean Roll

FOUNDED 1871.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

SENIORS.

Barnett, Frances
Barnett, Gertrude
Barnes, Ella
Charles, Bertha
Funk, Adrienne
Heckert, Clyde
Lambert, Mary
Moore, Dora
Truxal, Maude

JUNIORS.

Baird, Hester
Gaut, Adah
Henry, Viola
Lesher, Minnie

SOPHOMORES.

Hall, Minnie
Henry, Lillie
Worstell, Clara

FRESHMEN.

Bates, Leila
Barnett, May
Bell, Beulah
Bellinger, Delpha
Handsford, Maud
Morrison, Lucile
Meyer, Gertrude
Phinney, Eva
Putt, Mable
Ressler, Lillian
Sechrist, Mary
Sheller, Katherine
Stevenson, Fay
Swigart, Edna
Thuma, Harriette
Williamson, Ruth
Worstell, Sylvia

ACADEMIC.

Ankeny, Elta
Duckwall, Martha
Gaver, Margaret
Wyant, Ruth

MUSIC.

Brown, Mary
Birney, Blanche
Cunningham, Gertrude
Davis, Anna
Gill, May
Hansford, Ethel
Jameson, Naomi
John, Maud
White, Elva
Lesher, Clara
Maxwell, Effie
Solladay, Blanche
Pace, Elsie

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Earl, Lula
Grubbs, Sadie
Johnson, Alice
McFarland, Golda
Meyer, Agnes
Meyer, Lucy
McDonald, Josephine
Oeden, Mary
Osborne, Helen
Sprague, Helen
Stevenson, Maud
Walters, Grace

PHILOPHRONEA —From a Photo by Baker, Cols., O.

Philophronean Roll

FOUNDED 1858.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

SENIORS.

Ayer, J. W.
Funk, N. R.
Kring, W. D.
Postlethwait, S. L.
Risley, F. A.
Rymer, K. H.
Shear, W. E.
Worstell, H. M.

JUNIORS.

Cooper, L. P.
Trimmer, W. H.

SOPHOMORES.

Mathias, D. L.
McFarren, H. G.
Meyer, C. F.
Titus, M. O.

FRESHMEN.

Albert, O. W.
Cornetet, D. L.
Custer, L. L.
Denlioff, C. V.
Duckwall, G. W.
Flashman, C. C.
Huddleston, L. A.
Jones, O. I.
Keister, A. S.
Nunemaker, N. B.
Phinney, M. A.
Rymer, W. D.
Sanders, C. F.
Smith, J. F.
Weaver, E. C.
Williams, C. F.
Walters, L. E.

ACADEMIC.

Brown, W. L.
Bower, E. M.
Bossart, G. W.
Croghan, W. M.
Crosby, R. M.
Davis, D. J.
Davis, H. J.
Flora, J. H.
Funk, A. Z.
Goughnour, J. S.
Grant, C. C.
Hogg, J. T.
Lambert, H. P.
Linard, W. H.
McFarland, G. E.
Moore, L. M.
Spafford, G. D.
Stouffer, K. J.
Stringer, J. A.
Stine, M. O.
Voorhies, S. O.
Watson, J.
Weekley, W. W.
Woodburn, J. O.

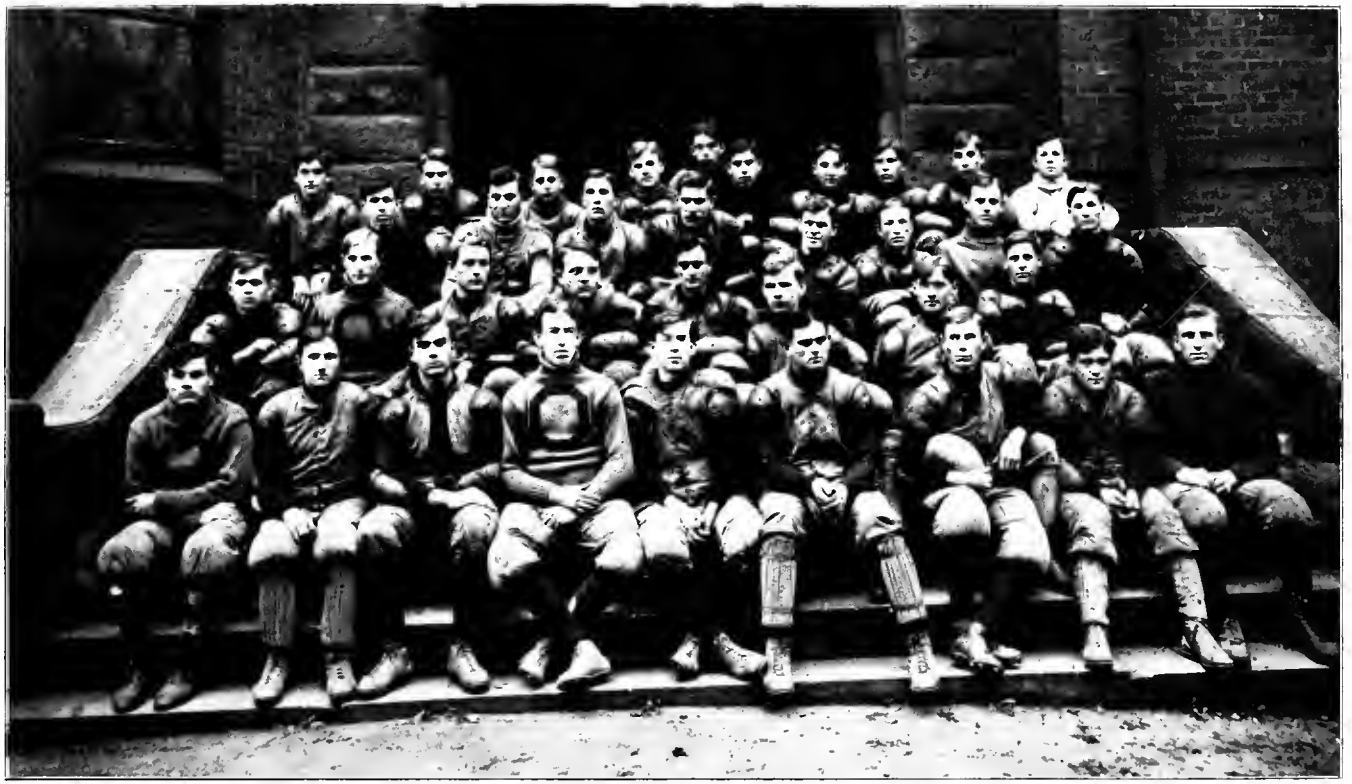
MUSIC.

Downing, P. R.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Anderson, W. C.
Beougher, P. E.
Eckhard, E.
Ewry, C.
Keesy, L. C.
Ketner, F. G.
Learish, E. B.
Lesher, J. E.
Linard, H. W.
Lutz, E. G.
McCleery, F. R.
Morton, C. B.
Ressler, R. S.
Strahl, L.
Wagner, J. A.
Walcutt, R. R.
Zuerner, D.

ATHLE



FOOT BALL TEAM 1906

Beginning of Athletics in Otterbein

Let us now go back into the dim and misty light of mythology and tradition, and see if we can not find a few traces of the foundation stones of Athletics in Otterbein. In this search, history is of no value and the only sources from which we have to draw are tradition and folklore.

The earliest accounts we have are a few scattered scraps from an old college paper, which state that as early as the seventies Otterbein had a splendid base ball team and a few track men who were hard to beat. But other than this, we have no authentic record. Tradition states, however, that there were more races run and more men developed in athletic lines than any of the authorities ever heard of. For chicken roosts and orchards were as plentiful then as now and many a hundred-yard dash was pulled off at record-breaking speed, while the long distance man developed wind and endurance by the long excursions he took in search of these delicacies. Report even goes so far as to say that one of the famous pitchers on the base ball nine received a great deal of his preliminary work by casting stones at the canine tribe in the dead of night. But be that as it may, those nocturnal meets, although seldom seen, were productive of great good and helped to develop a retiring modesty in every participant; a thing that is now so often lost sight of.

And now let us lay aside the traditional phase and come down to where history affords us a solid foundation on which to stand. Along in the eighties, the base ball team was developed and strengthened and a few so-called track meets were held. These meets, were, however, only a collection of individuals, who got together and had a few races for the purpose of having something to do. Then in '83 some of the boys began to be interested in foot ball, which at that time had just been introduced into Yale and was thought to be a free for all game, and to be the only game for which a man need have no practice nor former experience.

Nevertheless, nothing was done toward organization until almost ten years later, when in the fall of '89, Robert E. Speer made his appearance in Westerville and was invited to make a speech in chapel on the game of foot ball from the standpoint of an athlete.

His ringing words and interesting outline stirred up the active and energetic spirits of the school as other words and speeches of his have since moved the

world at large. Garst, Barnard, Thompson and others succeeded in raising a subscription of four dollars for the purpose of buying a foot ball. Then the fun began. Every afternoon the boys might be seen on the athletic field running and jumping, kicking and throwing that pigskin, as well as hammering each other with sticks, brick-bats, clubs, etc., in order to develop in each one the required amount of endurance and stoicism.

The next year things began to look more favorable for organization. The boys were beginning to see that if they did not have some sort of bond to hold them together, they would never make much of a showing in the athletic world. So a foot ball team was organized in the fall of 1890 with Thompson as captain and two games were played. The first one of these was one of the most curious and peculiar games ever seen on any gridiron. The boys were all large, tough, well-built and were conscious of their strength, but they knew no more about organized team work than a savage Zulu knows about Sunday. But they wanted to play ball and were willing to learn. They had no signals of any kind, and when a man was to take the ball he was told so in so many words and he did the best he could without the least bit of interference. The half backs played behind the ends on offense as if to make them stronger or to get a better start for end runs, while the full back was as good as if no man had been there, for he played back almost as far on offense as he now does on defense. Besides this, the line men took any position they pleased, no matter if it was in the line or behind it, and they played close or wide just as their fancy dictated. With such an arrangement you can readily see what would happen. The opposing teams ran through the line at will and succeeded in piling up some pretty large scores. Nothing daunted, however, they hired Jack Artz for two weeks after Thanksgiving, and in that two weeks literally absorbed foot ball along with the water of the melting December snow. Then "Rev." Barnard set his wits to work and by the time another season rolled round he had a system of plays worked out that were hard to beat, and "Cæsar" Garst exercised his wonderful memory so well that the next fall he was able to repeat almost verbatim the words and advice of their former coach. Then they went to work. Barnard submitted his plans and Garst executed them, and how well they succeeded from that time may be found in the second article of the athletic department.

This activity in one branch of athletics led to greater efforts in the others. In the spring of '91 the college produced her first organized base ball team with C. L. Stoughton as manager, and the season's results show that there was plenty of zeal in that direction. From here then dates the real base ball history of the institution.

Not to be outdone in any of its efforts by the other branches of athletics, the track appealed to its loyal supporters, and in June, 1890, Otterbein held

her first real field meet, which was run off in excellent fashion and some good records made, considering that the track was seventy-five feet too long. However, the next year this defect was remedied and the track placed in excellent condition for active work, which has since developed rapidly.

Since then one new sport has been added to the list and now every season has its regular game. And although last, basket-ball has not been by any means the least of the sports, for it has had better success in recent years than any of the others. It was born along with the new century and owes its beginning to the Freshman class of that year. They wished to make good use of the new gymnasium and nothing better was offered than basket-ball. So they organized a class team and played several games as such. The next year a team was organized from the college and since then basket-ball has been in a flourishing condition and is now one of the best paying propositions in the field of athletics.

For all these activities we owe a debt of gratitude to our predecessors for the energy, time and talent they gave for the establishment of one of the essential enterprises of college life. And the most famous among these are "Rev." Barnard, who gave his time, money and great ability as a manager fully and freely; "Cæsar" Garst with his splendid memory and ability as a quarter back; Thompson with his leadership, and scores of others who might be mentioned in this connection.

And may the work they began go on doing the good it has been and is now accomplishing, and may the boys of O. U., in the future never forget their obligations to these pioneers who, although they had troubles, yet worked manfully; surmounted difficulties, succeeded in laying the foundations of a strong, progressive system of athletics, and gave to their followers the chance to become full-rounded, perfectly developed men.

BASEBALL TEAM 1906

Famous Athletic Victories in Otterbien

Let Virgil sing the praises of Aeneas, and Homer those of Achilles; but let the humble scribe of modern times recount a few of the famous deeds whose memories cluster round his Alma Mater.

For a beginning, let us go back to a bright October day in the year 1891. The air is crisp and the sky is clear. While on that morning there seems to be an unusual stir and bustle in the vicinity of the Ohio State grounds. About twenty young fellows are packing grips and seem to be going on some sort of an excursion. Their friends are gathered round them and by their talk one can judge that an athletic contest is on hand. Having nothing to do on that day and being desirous to know the result of the game I boarded the train and soon arrived in the little town of Westerville. During the trip I began to feel sorry for those Otterbein boys because the O. S. U. men seemed to know that victory was sure to light on their banners and many were the jests that were exploded at the expense of the lads from Westerville. And what a difference there was in the actions of the two sets of men. Even the very air of Westerville seemed to be ominous and threatening, while the college bell sounded more like a tocsin on that day than a friendly call to dinner.

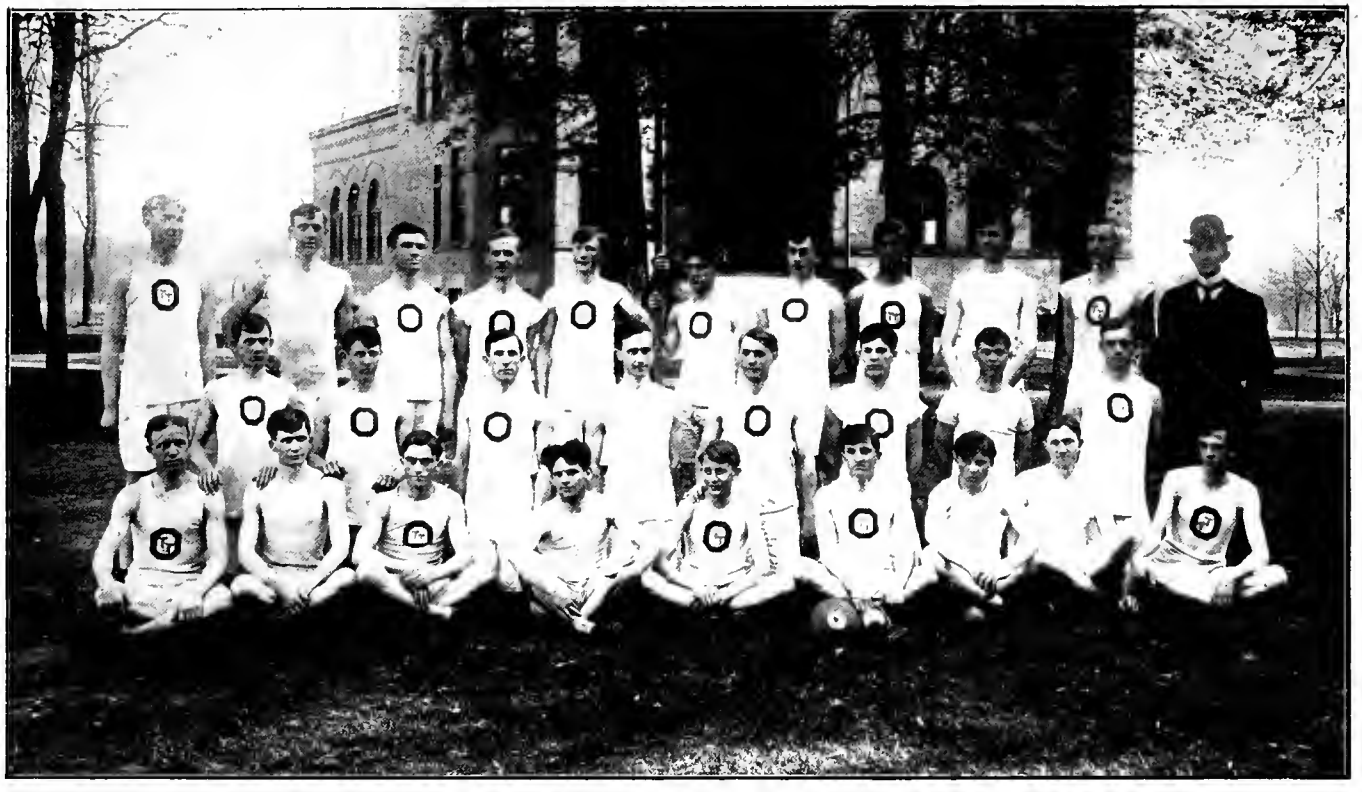
Soon everybody began to move in the direction of the campus, and after strolling around town for a while, I turned my own footsteps thither, and found the Otterbein squad already on the field. And right then and there I made up my mind that the O. S. U. boys would have a pretty good sized proposition on their hands. Soon, everything was ready and the teams lined up, while a thundering Whoop! Hip! resounded from the side lines. And the principal participants in that yell were a party of sixteen Seniors who were dressed in silk hats and Prince Albert coats while in their hands they carried a small cane for support.

Luck seemed to be with the Otterbein boys from the start for they obtained possession of the ball right away. And how they did work. Why, those O. S. U. boys had no show at all. The first play went through their line as if it had been paper and the same thing happened twice again before I had time to think. Then the little "quarter" on the Otterbein team tried something else. He grabbed the ball and started toward the side lines at almost break-neck speed, and when once well around the opposing end he shot down the field

with both teams after him and the crowd bringing up the rear, and yelling like Indians. When he got behind the goal line I looked at my watch and just two minutes of play had passed.

Of course they came back and started anew. And bless you, the same thing happened again. I began to wish that the O. S. U. boys would not loaf (?) so much, but they didn't seem to think as I did and thus the game went until the whistle blew at the end of the half with the score 22 to 0. But that gave too much confidence to the Otterbein lads and they allowed the O. S. U. men to get a touchdown almost at the beginning of the second half. And a madder set of men you never saw than were those O. U. boys on account of their carelessness. They took that pigskin, and they went up that field like a cyclone. They tore up the line; they ran the ends and seemed to be able to get down the field just about as they pleased. And they never stopped scoring till the whistle blew, saying that 42 points were enough to score in one day. I soon began to be weary of such a one-sided affair, and disgusted with the actions of those Seniors who should have had more dignity, when my interest was reanimated by one of the prettiest races I have ever beheld. It was little "Cæsar" again who carried the ball, with the other backs forming almost perfect interference. He started down the field with one of those big State fellows about two yards behind. Neither man gained nor lost any perceptible distance in the entire chase. It seemed as if an invisible force held the men apart. Of course O. U. yelled about their runners while the State men held their peace. But flesh and blood can stand only a certain amount of taunting, and then something has to be done. So thought the persecuted party in this case. They produced their sprinter and challenged the opposition to size him up and either put a man against him or forever hold their peace. Would the boys of Otterbein accept the challenge? Most assuredly they would, and as soon as R. C. Kumler could be found the two men took their places for a second contest that was to retrieve the fortunes of the day or send the Ohio State men to Columbus with the sting of a double defeat. The pistol cracked and the men were off. Down the course they went, straining every nerve and gradually drawing apart until at the end of the hundred yards Kumler had the lead by at least five yards. That was enough for Ohio State that year. Sadly and sorrowfully her supporters wended their way back to Columbus. But as for me, I got a schedule of the games for the year and was able to see Denison defeated by the satisfying score of 12 to 10.

That winter I noticed that an American League of Ohio Colleges had been formed for the propagation of athletics. And when I saw the names, I said to myself, "If Otterbein don't win that base ball pennant next spring, then I miss my guess." Nor was I mistaken, although the last inning of play did the work.



TRACK TEAM 1906

However, the most exciting game of the season was one of the first. The O. U. boys journeyed down to Springfield, and were no sooner on the diamond than they began to play ball. They scored a run in the first inning and another in the second. While Wittenberg made no showing until the fifth when they tied the score. From that till the eighth some great ball was played. Not a single man reached first base. But in the eighth a Wittenberger was lucky enough to get a hit and landed safely on first. Then the pitcher gave a second man a base on balls. Things began to look pretty serious. It was play ball now or never. But the next man to bat did something terrific. He seemed to think that everything depended on him. And when the ball came twisting toward him, he drew back and with a terrific swing sent it in the direction of the heavens. Oh! What joy there was in the Wittenberg ranks. Caps came off and yell after yell rent the air for far around. But they had failed to take into account the center fielder, who had been so quiet that he had been forgotten. But he was not asleep and when that ball started over his head he got up speed such as was never seen in the hundred-yard dash. Would he get it? Surely he stood a good chance if only that barbed wire fence were out of the way. But nothing daunted he climbed upon the shaking wires and when he came down he had the ball safely tucked away in his glove. And when he got back from his short excursion the umpire accepted his word that he had caught the ball fairly, and promptly retired the side. The next inning won the game for O. U., but those old Wittenbergers still tell of a game they were sure of winning until Resler showed them their error. And now, gentle reader, if you don't believe this history, just look up the athletic records of May 7, 1892.

Could anything stop the "Boys?" It seemed not, although they felt pretty weak in the knees on the 24th of November in that same year. And the occasion for that dread was as follows. In the city of Dayton there had collected, in the course of time quite a number of foot ball men from Yale, Princeton and other places. And these lusty sons of the gridiron were anxious to get their claws on some of these western boys and show them how to play ball. The Otterbein boys were willing to be taught and in due time a game was scheduled. That morning as the train, which was to bear them away, pulled into the station, every face bore a sad but determined look. But Garst had not been studying his tactics in vain nor had Barnard planned a few end runs for nothing. While Stoner and the other backs were just the fellows to carry out the plans. And did they win? For answer ask anyone of the many hundreds, who stood on the side lines and saw the splendid team work of the O. U. boys take that ball right down the field and across the line for the first touchdown. They will tell you that it was one of the pluckiest foot ball games that ever the people of Dayton had a chance to witness; and that nobody was more surprised than they when the score was 16 to 6 in favor of old Otterbein.

But talking of victories and surprised people, you ought to have seen the O. W. U. rooters one bright October day in '94. The morning dawned bright and clear. Not a puff of wind was blowing. Soon shouts and yells from across Alum Creek announced that the loyal supporters of the Cardinal and Jet were on their way, and before long the procession made its appearance on Main street. It was composed of carriages of all sorts, from the most stylish turnout that could be procured to the ordinary lumber wagon, while streamers of ribbons and pennants in black and red fluttered from every point of vantage that could be thought of. Down Main street they came; then turning at the corner of Main and State they paraded the town from one end to the other, giving out their hoots and challenges of defiance. But soon all carriages and horses were forgotten and the whole motley array betook itself to the gridiron to see their beloved warriors scalp the United Brethren. But once upon the field their countenances began to change. Their warriors seemed to be getting the worst of a bad bargain. Play after play was hurled at them with irresistable energy. The Cardinal and Jet began to disappear and in two hours after the whistle blew not a square inch of it was to be seen. For had not Otterbein defeated Delaware by a score of 16 to 6 and was not that six a lucky accident? For it was only in the last minute of play that the ball was fumbled and bounded into the hands of a Delaware man, who had nothing to do but run down the field with it and score the only touchdown that the side had a chance to make.

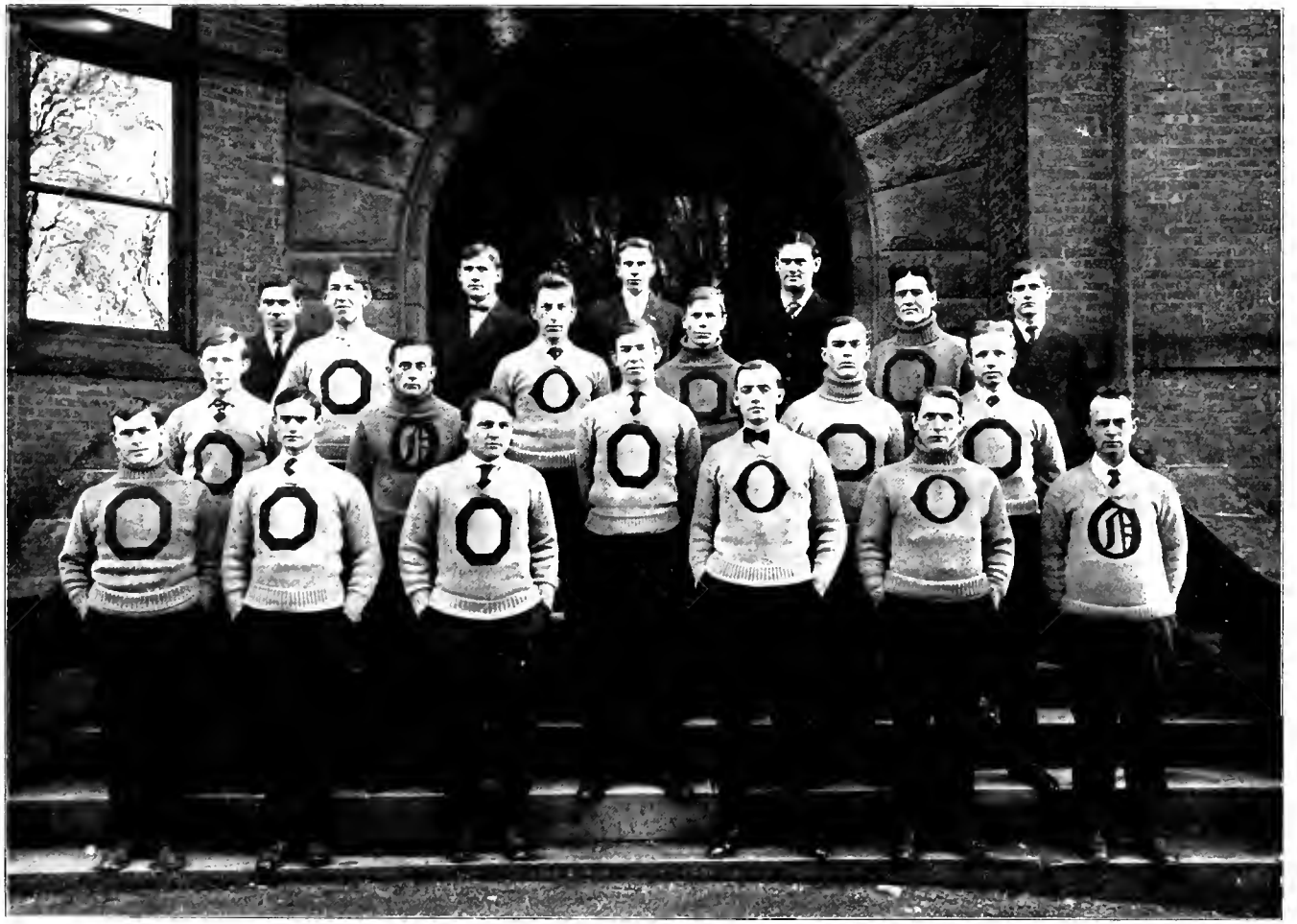
"But vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith Delaware, and it looked as if her prophecy would come true the next season. For one of the boys was sick in bed and the center, "Davy" Seneff was unable to walk on account of a lame knee. But "subs" were found to take their places, and no pluckier team ever left Westerville than the one that left the morning of the 19th of October, 1895. Their honor was at stake. And now was the time to uphold it. Now was the chance to show their mettle. Would it be grit or the yellow feather? Ah! it was anything but yellow, for to have seen those "subs" work would have inspired even a coward with the spirit of battle. Up and down that strong field they fought. Now they were here, now there; but always in the game. And when the whistle stopped the second half the score of 8 to 4 showed the kind of ball they had been playing.

But shall I enumerate the whole list? How that same season we defeated Ohio State 14 to 6 and in '97 we played them a game in which the score was 12 to 12. How Oberlin was held down to a 0 to 0 score and were at no time able to gain over five yards and succeeded in doing that only once? Or how again Ohio State was held to a 6 to 6 score in 1905, and Otterbein scored first on Smith's 85-yard run? How we defeated Wooster in 1902 to the tune to 12 to 10, and many others, which time and space will not permit to be mentioned?

Two of those, however, deserve special mention: First the game with Wooster and second the one with O. S. U. in 1905. That game with Wooster was probably one of the most exciting games ever seen on the local gridiron. The teams had no sooner lined up and the whistle blown than the ball was kicked down the field only to be caught by a Wooster man and carried the whole length of the field for a touchdown. Then it was Otterbein's turn. The boys received the kick-off and without losing the ball bucked right down the field for a touchdown. From that time on neither team seemed able to near the other's goal, but about the middle of the second half Wooster succeeded in making a drop kick from field and raised their score to ten. Things began to look desperate. Would Otterbein ever wake up? There was less than a minute in which to play ball. Nothing but an end run would accomplish anything. The ball was passed to Funk and the interference he had cleared the field and about twenty seconds before the whistle blew, the last touchdown was made and the score stood ten to twelve, while the loyal supporters of the Cardinal and Tan wiped the dirt from their faces and the tears from their eyes and prepared for a great celebration, in honor of the last two minutes of play.

The next exciting battle really extends to two, for a certain man, Bingham by name, played a part in both. He had the distinguished honor of being assistant coach and spy for the Ohio State team and about two days before the game he made his appearance on the Otterbein field under the guise of a traveling man and soon he traveled for sure with about forty students making it their business to see that he stuck to his profession. Then on the following Saturday he had a chance to take note of all the plays that Otterbein made and it took him only about ten minutes to find out that they had a combination that could be worked for a touchdown; and as the goal was kicked the score stood six to nothing. Then by a series of bucks and plunges Ohio State repeated the trick and the score stood even. From that time till the end of the game neither side was able to score, and the Otterbein boys left the field satisfied with everything but Bingham. But that gentleman was not destined to pass out of sight just yet. He succeeded in getting a position at Delaware during the winter and swooped down upon the little town of Westerville with his basket-ball five, and threatened to avenge himself for his defeat in the fall, by fair means or foul; and the means he used were mostly foul; so foul, indeed, that almost every man in the building registered an oath that if he gave the game to Delaware he should feel the temperature of Alum creek. Just how close he came to that he may never know. For it was only in the last minute of play that Clymer dropped the ball in the basket, making the score 26 to 25 in favor of O. U. Bingham left town with the pleasant assurance that if he ever returned he would be turned around and booted out again. And throughout the athletic history of our dear Old Alma Mater we find this same principle and this same spirit of fair play. May she ever retain it and make her victories in the future as clean and pure as they have been in the past.

BOYS' BASKET-BALL TEAM



VARSITY "O" ASSOCIATION

Prospect for Athletics

In the foregoing articles we have caught a few casual glimpses of the early stages of Athletics in Otterbein. We have seen what prestige and rank she has held among the other colleges of the state, and what a wonderful development she has made in the last few years. We have beheld her dirty, grimy foot ball man holding up the honor of his college in dirt, mud and gore; we have seen the base ball enthusiast keenly watching every move of the game. And we have taken note of the light and ever active basket-ball man concentrating all his forces into the single purpose of winning for the glory of his "Alma Mater." While the track man is seen as he is carried off the field absolutely devoid of energy, which has all been spent in an almost death struggle to uphold the standard of his beloved college.

And in every one of these contests Otterbein has received honorable mention, and although not always victorious she has stood for the good and pure in athletics, and sticks to the motto of the first foot ball team she ever produced, "To play hard and fast, but clean, honest games." And that is what she is doing today, a thing that gives her the distinguished honor of having one of the cleanest bunch of athletes ever seen on an Ohio field.

But the purpose of this article is to look at the future, and form some conclusions as to what will be the fate of athletics in the days to come by the knowledge we have of that which is past and present. Otterbein today is passing through one of her most critical periods. Great reforms are taking place all over the state and some marked changes are being made in the management of athletics. The larger colleges are banding themselves together and are trying to force the smaller schools to abide by the rules they set up. However, as yet there is no danger to be apprehended from that source, for the colleges making the rules do not always abide by them and are only too willing to break their agreements if a good opportunity presents itself. Then these large schools have special inducements, to get men to attend, oftentimes paying them large sums for their attendance and services on the athletic field.

As proof of this latter statement we need only to glance back at the action of many of the colleges of our own state just last year; an action that not only shows that there has been a great deal of corruption in athletics, but that it is being rooted out as well. But in spite of all this, in spite of inside hindrances and difficulties of every sort athletics have risen to a high plane in old Otterbein and will continue to rise as long as we have in school such men as we now have.

Fifteen years ago Otterbein had no athletic organization whatever. One or two branches of athletics were kept up by some industrious individuals who were interested themselves and succeeded in interesting others. Plans for an organized system were studied out and a constitution was drafted. From that time athletics have grown. For everything was given a good foundation upon which a superstructure has gradually been built, so that now it has come to the place where a new constitution must be drawn up or the old one revised. Consequently some men are at work trying to devise some new regulations by which athletics may be fairly and equitably managed and both students and faculty be satisfied, so that each shall know the rights each may or may not possess. And when these are worked out and adopted and a good understanding established between all parties concerned, then athletics will advance by leaps and bounds. All frictions will, in a measure, be eradicated and the different factions will co-operate with each other instead of being antagonistic.

Another great difficulty has just been overcome, namely, the matter of a coach for all teams, and a physical director to look after the needs of the men in the gymnasium, for too many men were being neglected. But a new plan was tried this year and since it is working out pretty well, the authorities are going to continue the same policy in the years to come. Their idea is to have a coach for all branches of athletics and to have him hired for the year just as the remainder of the faculty. And he is to have charge of all teams that the college may send out to represent her. This arrangement has many advantages and but few weak points. It will give the coach a chance to make plans for the whole year and see that they are carried out with some sort of system. It will enable him to get better acquainted with the men whom he may direct, a fact that will enable him to place men to a better advantage. On the other hand, some of the teams need more coaching than others; some teams needing practically none. Therefore some think that a physical director is not a necessary person for a whole year and that a better man can be secured for less money to coach those teams which need it and then his services could be dispensed with. However, men who are partial to one team or another are the only ones to indulge in that kind of thought. On the whole, the idea of having a physical director for all year is one that may be commended, and marks one more step in the rapid advance Otterbein is taking in the world of sport. And this surely means that men will be better cared for and kept in better condition than ever before; a fact that will speak for itself.

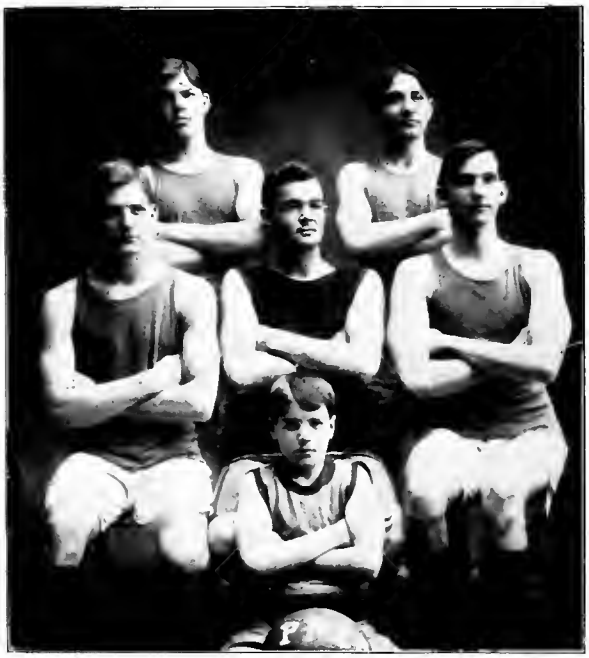
Not only are the boys being trained in a superior manner, but also they are equipped and furnished with all the supplies, needful for their activities on the field. Instead of each man buying his own uniform and supplies, the athletic association furnishes them and also pays all doctor bills which may arise from injuries received on the field. This will be a great inducement for men to come out and try for a place on one of the teams, and will be one of the great factors in making the future of athletics bright and something that every

member of the school may be proud to note. For the men who are on the field will be conscious that there is behind them a support, an organization whose honor they are pledged to defend and which will not fail them in time of need. This will inspire them with confidence, stir up in them an energy and zeal that makes the true athlete and increases their loyalty to the institution of which they are a part, and which enables them to bring out the best that in them lies.

One of the most serious hindrances with which athletics has had to contend is the small number of men from which the members of the different teams are selected. The number of students in Otterbein has been small and it has been the wonder of some of the larger schools how she can put out such teams as she does. However, that evil, if evil it may be called, is fast disappearing, and a remedy is in sight. This year there is a greater number of men in school than ever before and if reports are true there is promise of more and greater supplies of raw material from which men may be picked in the near future. New buildings are being erected every year and larger accommodations for the students who are to make their appearance in Otterbein and receive her impress in more ways than one. The endowment is being enlarged and every department of the school is rising rapidly. This means a place of greater prominence and distinction for it than ever before and in that prominence athletics will play its part. For just as soon as Otterbein gets more endowment, more buildings and more equipment, just that soon will she get more students, and more students mean more and better athletes, which in turn signifies better teams. Those teams will then receive better support and arouse more enthusiasm and co-operation from the general student body.

These few reasons may be set down as a small fraction of the many which prove that athletics in Otterbein have not, as some people think, passed their zenith, but that their sun is just rising over the eastern hills of adversity. True, some may look at a little period of adversity and depression and say that things are not going well at Otterbein in the athletic world, or they may survey the time when individual was pitted against individual and each man had more chance to stand alone, and may say that times are not as auspicious as once they were and that Otterbein's old athletic spirit is dying. But if those individuals were to witness one of the athletic contests of today he would change his mind. If he would stop and think, today is a day of organizations where the work is done by vast machines which accomplish a vast deal of work with no noise. Then let him take into consideration the fact that Otterbein today plays many colleges out of her class and plays them well, and he will have to say that there has been indeed great progress. Then with all these intended improvements, with the increase in enrollment and the better equipment, what may we not expect? May we not think, and justly, too, that old Otterbein is going to raise her banner one notch higher next year than ever before? Let's all work hard for a prosperous future and we can have it if we will.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM



PREPARATORY BASKET-BALL TEAM
WINNERS OF CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP

MISCELLANEOUS ORGANIZATIONS

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS.

S. L. Postlethwait.....*President*
L. E. Myers.....*Vice President*
M. C. Dutton.....*Recording Secretary*
L. C. Hensel.....*Corresponding Secretary*
W. D. Kring.....*Treasurer*

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

C. V. Roop.....*Devotional*
O. I. Jones.....*Bible Study*
E. C. Worman.....*Mission Study*
W. D. Kring.....*Finance*
W. H. Trimmer.....*Social*
L. K. Funkhouser.....*Music*
E. C. Weaver.....*Membership*
L. E. Garwood.....*Employment*
L. C. Hensel.....*Inter-Collegiate Relations*

Y. M. C. A.

Beyond doubt, the most efficient organization for men in Otterbein University is the Y. M. C. A. In this capacity students are brought together face to face in an intellectual and spiritual way. Her every man feels free and hence has a real opportunity for growth.

During the past year excellent advancement has been made along many lines, especially mission study. Ten live and energetic classes have systematically studied the courses "China," "Africa," "Japan," and "Aliens or Americans." Also in connection with this work some two hundred new volumes have been added to the mission library; a work which is most commendable.

Finances have never been better. The association closed the year with every dollar of its obligations paid and a nice little balance on the "asset" side of the ledger. Beyond the $70 pledged for missions, more than $50 extra were raised and distributed to needy places in the foreign fields.

The year has been replete with some of the ablest speakers, among whom were Drs. Laflamme, C. C. Whitney, J. A. Patterson, and Col. E. S. Wilson, editor of the Ohio State Journal. The able men spoke upon "Foreign Missions," "Home Missions," "Doubts and Doubters," and "Culture and Conduct," respectively.

Otterbein's Y. M. C. A. has stood and does today stand at the front in college association work. Being the first to organize in the state, entertaining the first President's conference, and keeping step with all advance movements of the past, we may still expect greater things from this organization of loyal Christian gentlemen.

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS.

MABEL GARDNER ..... *President*
CLYDE HECKERT ..... *Vice President*
MAUD BILLMAN ..... *Treasurer*
EDNA STREICH ..... *Secretary*
MINNIE HALL ..... *Corresponding Secretary*

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

DORA MOORE ..... *Social*
MARY COURTRIGHT ..... *Devotional*
MAUD TRUXALL ..... *Missionary*
LILLIE RESSLER ..... *Bible Study*
EDITH HANAWALT ..... *Music*

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association has always played a large part in the life of the girls of Otterbein and this year has proved no exception.

The programs for the Tuesday evening meetings have been varied and well attended and special meetings have been held at various times.

The influence of the summer conference and the inspiration given by the visit of the State Secretary early in the fall conspired to arouse the girls to helpful action early in the school year.

The high rank which the association bears in the work of the state was noticeable in the report given at the state convention at Youngstown, which showed that in the support of the state work and in mission study enrollment we stand first, in the number of student volunteers, second and in all other departments among the first.

Our relations to other colleges has been especially encouraged this year by visits to other associations and by letters and greetings exchanged.

Each cabinet girl has performed the work of her department earnestly and has striven to bear in mind the cabinet motto: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

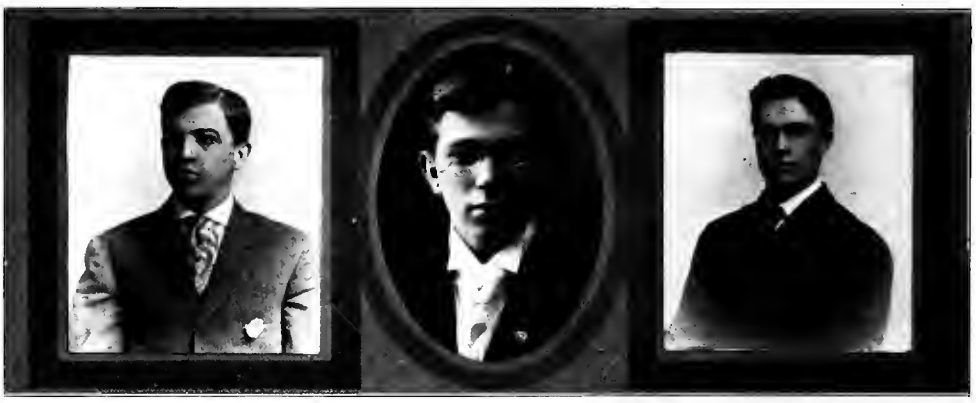
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING

VOLUNTEER BAND

COLLEGE CHORUS

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

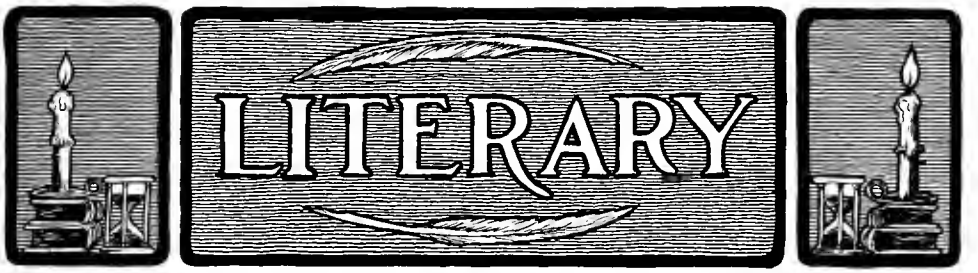
Debating Teams



V. D. Singer | E. F. Wildermuth | B. C. Bailey

Harry F. Sayre
Winner of Local Oratorical Contest

John H. Nau | L. E. Garwood | C. C. Flashman


LITERARY

MAIN COLLEGE BUILDING—OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY

The Isle of the Long-Ago*

Mrs. L. K. Miller.

I feel the winds from that fairy isle
The isle of the "Long-Ago,"
They breathe through my soul so strange the while,
As I sit and listen—nor deign to smile,
For my tears—they blind me so.

There's a dear, tried friend in the Long-Ago,
And his harp hath silken strings,
And I seem to hear when the soft winds blow
As today—from the shores of the Long-Ago
His harp and the song he sings.

And I fain would echo back his note
But my lute is now unstrung,
And Oh! the island is too remote
And the winds—they onward and onward float,
But ne'er to those shores return.

*Written *long-ago* after reading "The River Time," but never printed till now. L. K. M.

OLD COLLEGE BUILDINGS

Frame Chapel
Blendon Young
Men's Seminary

Ladies' Hall
(Old)

Chapel
(Burned 1870)

Saum Hall
Boys' Dormitory
Girls' Dormitory
Science Building

Historical Sketch

Otterbein University, the first college of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, was founded in 1847, and the Commencement of 1907 will be the sixtieth anniversary of the institution.

In 1846, a committee, consisting of G. W. Landon and Matthew Westervelt, appeared before the Scioto Conference of the United Brethren Church, in session near Circleville, Ohio, and proposed to sell to the Conference, for the nominal sum of $1,300, Blendon Young Men's Seminary, a Methodist institution, located at Westerville, consisting of a two-story frame 66x26 and a three-story brick, of the size and form of the present Science Hall, and a campus of eight acres. After investigating, the Conference decided to purchase, appointed Rev. L. Davis, Rev. Wm. Hanby and Jonathan Dresbach, Esq., trustees, and invited other conferences to co-operate in its support. The board of trustees, with representatives from the Scioto and Sandusky Conferences, met in Westerville on the 26th of April, 1847, changed the name to Otterbein University and decided to open the institution on the first Wednesday of September following. Mr. W. R. Griffith, a graduate of Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) University, was employed as principal, and Miss C. Murray as lady teacher. On the opening day Principal Griffith delivered an address and eight students entered, which number increased to 81 during the year of which 52 were gentlemen and 29 were ladies. So the institution began with both sexes represented in the faculty and in the student-body as it has, ever since, continued.

Of the two original buildings the frame still exists, part of it on Grove street east of the Christian Association building, and part of it, on west Main street as the rear part of the Bailey residence. The brick dormitory, which stood in front of the present main building, was torn down in 1871 and the brick used in the present main building. The frame stood where the Christian Association building now stands and contained a chapel, recitation rooms, a laboratory and small library. The literary societies met in the recitation rooms of the frame building: the Philomathean in the south end up stairs, the Zetaphronean (now Philophronean) in the south end down stairs, and hence were sometimes jocularly called "Upper" and "Lower" Houses.

The first class, consisting of two ladies, Miss M. Kate Winter (now Hanby) and Miss S. Jennie Miller, graduated in 1857, and the approaching commence-

ment is the fiftieth anniversary of this class. Mrs. Hanby is still living in California and is expected to be present at Commencement. The Commencement exercises of the first and several following classes, were held in a large canvas tent erected west of the frame building, the chapel of the frame building being too small for the purpose. After 1860 the Commencement exercises were held in the chapel of the new main building, which stood on the northeast corner of the campus until it was destroyed by fire in 1870. Since 1871 these exercises have been held in the chapel of the present main building. The first class was the smallest that ever graduated, and, with one exception, 1864, was the only one which had no gentlemen in it, while the class of 1862 was the only one which had no ladies in it. Science Hall was erected in 1855 as a gentlemen's dormitory and was occupied by the gentlemen until 1871, when it became a ladies' dormitory and was so used until 1898, when it was remodeled and converted into the Science Hall.

The foregoing is given in response to a request for a few facts concerning the origin and early history of Otterbein University.

H. Garst.

Sixty Years

Susan M. Kumler.

What hast thou done beloved Otterbein;
What is thy boasted product fine and rare;
What instrument to daintiest touch responds!
Thy merit we would know—thy burden share.

A thousand sons and daughters I,
From homes untutored, sought with tears;
Till now my children call me blessed,
And I am crowned with "Sixty Years."

A thousand sons and daughters rare,
I've wrought to burnish at my hands;
That God's best work of art may be
Restored—redeemed from out all lands.

Prof. John Haywood, LL. D.

Prof. John Haywood, LL. D., was born in Stockton, Chautauqua county, New York, March 16, 1825, and died in Westerville, Ohio, December 12, 1906, in the eighty-second year of his life.

He came to Westerville in 1851, and at that time he and Miss Sylvia Carpenter, who afterward became his wife, were the only members of the Faculty. He gave to Otterbein University the best of all gifts—his beautiful and useful life. By his death the last living link connecting the present with the remote past of the college is broken.

He was a faithful and efficient teacher, always a careful and thorough student, and he possessed broad and sound scholarship. He was a lover of learning, a growing man,—the living realization of the motto, "Plain Living and High Thinking." While he was a mathematician and a high class one at that, he was a student of history, literature, science, philosophy and the various lines of Christian evidences. He was a man of child-like simplicity, yet dignity and grandeur of character, poise and serenity of soul. Each man creates an atmosphere about him peculiarly his own, the joint product of all that he is. His was a well-ordered, well-sustained life; the inner purity of character being typified by the crown of glory; the snowy white hair, delicate as floss silk, that covered his head, and the aroma of his life was like a sweet perfume. He was an astronomer, an astronomer of splendid ability. He would weigh the stars, calculate eclipses, compute the transits of planets. As was said of one of old he could tell the number of the stars, could call them by their names. He was a surveyor, had surveyed the streets of Westerville and was perfectly familiar with them, but he seemed as familiar with the heavens. He walked with his head amongst the stars and was perfectly at home there.

It was remarkable with what familiarity and mastery he would take his students through the skies talking in the most matter-of-fact way of apogee, perigee, syzigee, nodes and parallaxes, the millions, the infinities and the immensities.

He early established a local weather station and for more than a quarter of a century made daily observations and reported them to the government.

A few incidents known to the writer will help to indicate somewhat his character. He hated shoddy, sham, pretense; had no patience with the vile or

PROFESSOR JOHN HAYWOOD, LL.D.
March 16, 1825—December 12, 1906

vandal spirit and so when called on to reprove some students in the seventies for damaging and defacing walls and windows, it was a scathing rebuke, such as only Prof. Haywood could give. About fourteen years ago the pastor of our local church conducted the public service in which he asked each one to tell what book or books had been an inspiration to him and had done much to determine the trend of his life. After a number had given their experience, Dr. Haywood arose and said that early in his life Butler's Analogy fell into his hands and made a decided impression upon his life, and that he had read it at least once a year since then, but now it had become his hand-book. He was so grounded in Biblical evidences that they were to him very truth.

Dr. Haywood was an advocate of the universal adoption of the Metric System. He supplied himself with weights and measures and furnished them to the local merchants and asked students to buy oil by the liter and cloth by the meter. He taught the system in his classes and by lecture.

One day in the year '78 he was about to deliver a lecture on this subject in the chapel and had just taken his position standing before us in the middle of the row of seats, when some one came in and made some announcement which prevented his going on. He immediately stopped and said, "Oh, well, the lecture will keep."

Many have enjoyed a peep at the heavens through his telescope, for he loved to give his friends pleasure in that way. One evening when my son, Ernest, was about twelve years old, we went over to Prof. Haywood's to look at the stars. The telescope was placed upon a gate post on the west side of the house, the boy stood on a chair looking through the instrument at the planet Venus. Soon he discovered that the planet was moving off the field of view and said, "What makes it move so?" "That, my son," said Prof. Haywood in a most realistic and matter-of-fact way, "is the diurnal motion of the earth." Standing by his side at that moment it almost seemed to me that I could feel the earth turning beneath my feet.

In spirit he was calm and serene; there was largeness of heart and greatness of soul. Mingled with his beautiful Christian faith and trust there was something of the stoic philosophy and he was not disturbed by the vicissitudes of life.

He was a noble specimen of manhood; he had lived well; earth had served its purpose and now held up to God some of its finest fruitage. He was ripe and ready to go; death was only transition, he was not, for God took him.

T. J. Sanders.

FAMILIAR SCENES

The Boys in Blue

1861-1865

In the early days of the Civil War there was considerable excitement among the students of Otterbein.

Dispatches from the seat of war, the rising tide of feeling on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, the tramp, tramp, tramp of troops, the local distractions caused by the talk and enlisting of fellow students now one, then another, until "Gone to the front," "off to the war," "joined the army" and similar expressions were often heard, all had their effect.

Doffing the gown of the quiet study and donning the blue for the excitement of the camp, march, battle and victory made a strong appeal to the youth of the college. Some had gone in February to Columbus to see Lincoln, the new President, on his perilous journey to the White House.

One Friday evening, (only one mail a day then) the news of a defeat of the Union forces was so exciting that the Literary Societies, meeting then, one up stairs and the other down in the chapel of the old frame structure — just west of the present Association building, — simultaneously adjourned, and while standing in groups in the yard discussing the latest dispatches Moses Shauck, an older brother of Judge John A. Shauck of the Supreme Bench of Ohio, came out of his society and making long, hurried strides across the lawn on his way up town for further news, as he passed the group in which I was standing said, "My! My! Boys! Don't stand here. Come on and let us mold bullets!"

The patriotic current, high and strong, swept two first class students so far out that they went to Columbus and handed in their names as willing, not to say *anxious*, to help Uncle Sam settle this "unpleasantness." They were J. P. Landis, now for more than thirty years the efficient Professor of Hebrew in Union Biblical Seminary at Dayton and Henry Pohlman, his room-mate — both from Illinois. For some reason they were not then called by the government to drop their studies, and the father of one made a hurried trip from Illinois to veto his son's ambition for that kind of glory so early in life.

In May, '61, Rev. Jacob Markwood — afterward Bishop, Bishop Glossbrenner and others from Virginia were delegates to the General Conference which met in the College Chapel. Being from a southern state they were

regarded by all with great interest. Their every utterance was heard and weighed. Markwood being presiding elder, traveling from one end of the valley of Virginia to the other, and across the mountains east and west, meeting all classes of people, was supposed to know the true state of feeling and purpose of the South, and being a fluent speaker, the students frequently called him out at nights to a store-box and demanded a speech.

The tide was rising higher and higher. Among the earliest enlistments was that of J. M. Strasburg — class of '65 — who with the Hayne boys, brothers of Mrs. Fisher, became a member of the Regimental Band of the 46th O. V. I. Our Prof. Thos. McFadden was the chief surgeon. How well he looked in his blue uniform! Camping at Worthington, only four miles away, it was easy for students to visit the regiment and their visits helped to fan into a flame the fires of patriotism smoldering in their hearts. All was so new and captivating. Drum and fife in town! Yes, in the very town itself! The glamour from brass buttons, neatly fitting uniforms, glittering shoulder straps and the martial music of the large band, four miles away, was *one* thing, the real fife and drum in town quite another. A captain of the regular army, a squad of straight, neat soldiers from the barracks at Newport, Kentucky, with fife and drum were the real thing, and well nigh irresistible, so that August 29, '61, S. E. Kumler, now senior member of the Rike Dry Goods Company, Dayton, Ohio, and his cousin, John M. Kumler, then a junior in college, enlisted in the 15th Regulars; Henry Pohlman and H. W. R. Mattox entered the 18th Regulars.

Think of the effect in the college produced by these four royal fellows closing their books, dropping out of classes, to enter the regular army! Without going home to say good-bye they were sent directly to Newport Barracks, opposite Cincinnati, where they had for comrades all grades of character from the Methodist class-leader down to the hardened criminal.

S. E. Kumler, young, high spirited, handsome in his suit of blue, was soon detailed to go with an officer and squad on a recruiting tour to infuse his spirit into other young men. In Muscatine, their first stop, the church was strong and the members soon finding the student soldier was a Kumler "wined and dined" him until the Captain, maybe a bit envious, thinking that the martial spirit in the young man needed development more than the social and religious, ordered him back to the soldier's mess and drill in the barracks. He never again was *captured*, tho' he fought at Shiloh, Stone River and other great battles. He was promoted to Commissary Sergeant early in '63.

"John M," as he was called to distinguish him from other Kumlers, particularly "John A.," now at the head of a large school in Nashville, fell at Chickamauga and sleeps in an unknown, unmarked grave. His sunlit face and sweet spirit will never be forgotten. His father, Jacob, when the war was over mourned three noble boys, John, George, and Simon, whose chairs at the table set for eleven were forever empty.

Pohlman, wounded at Chickamauga, died in a hospital at St. Louis. Mattox lived in the west after the war.

The clouds of war became dark and lowering thro' '61 and early '62. The darkness could be felt. The President called upon the people of the country to fast and to assemble in the churches and all day from morning till night to call upon God for mercy, confessing personal and national sins. What days those were in the old frame chapel! Such sermons by Professors Steeter, Degmeir and others! Such praying, also! Days always to be remembered.

In the early summer of '62, to meet impending danger threatening the overthrow of the Republic, President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers. Soon the quota of every state and territory was full, so quickly did the manhood of the state arise. In July another 300,000 were called out, for the situation was growing desperate. Free government, a government guaranteeing freedom was in peril.

The *men must be had.* "One hundred dollars bounty" was added to stimulate enlistments. Townships and counties offered an extra amount in order to fill their quota and to avoid the draft threatened. There was great activity all over the state and states. The loyal were enlisting and earnestly seeking for others to go with them; the unpatriotic, the disloyal — there were such — were dreadfully active lest the draft should be ordered and the lot fall to them to go to the front. The 95th O. V. I., Col. McMillen, was being recruited in Columbus. August 4, '62, the largest number of former students —'twas vacation time — enlisted, most of them in Company "A," some in "H." The college authorities scarcely knew what to do or to say. Would there be any left to enter school? The township people were glad, for the more students going the less likely the dreaded draft would fall on them. Did any student every get the bounty offered by the township? The question awaits answer.

Those crossing the boundary line between civil and military life that day. August 4, and they did it deliberately, not in excitement, nor under pressure from without, but from the patriot's sense of obligation to his country in her hour of direst need, were J. P. Landis (referred to before); A. W. Stonestreet, rooming in Saum Hall; George Guitner and a doctor's son from their homes in town; W. H. Schrock, his brother Henry, his cousin G. W., from their homes in the country south of town, and G. A. Funkhouser from President Davis' home — now the Conservatory of Music. Sunday, August 10, was a sad day to the church and college, for would not the boys be leaving early Monday morning? Had they not been packing boxes and trunks all week and storing them to be opened when? by whom?

The church service was impressive, the pastor was solemn, and the class-leader in the south class-room of the old frame chapel was tender, the members

tearful, some giving way to their feelings by expressions of grief. Ex-Bishop Hanby, of sainted memory, and Barbee, still living, Skedd, Rachel, Winter, Tobey and others were members of that class. Solicitude and counsel that we stand fast in the faith were in evidence.

Monday, August 11, the town was astir and gathered at the corner of State and College streets to see two omnibus loads start down the old plank road for Columbus and to camp. In one buss were the student-soldiers, and there were, it has been said, lumps in throats (great big lumps) in the busses and outside which interfered no little with the cheering and responses as the busses rolled out of the town. The now Captain Phelps likely got aboard at Blendon Corners — his home — and also W. P. Shrom, my college and seminary chum, who served later in a Cavalry Regiment as Hospital Steward.

"How did I feel as I walked out that bright Monday morning from Dr. Davis' comfortable home, which had been my home for several years, over the brick pavement with its mossy crevices, maybe never to look again upon the faces of loved ones near or far?" Just as did the fellows leaving old Saum Hall and the others leaving their good fathers and mothers.

One-third of this band never returned to stay. Strange too, one, Stone-street, big-hearted, noble-faced, clean, ambitious student and fearless soldier, in less than three weeks was killed by the *last* shot in our *first* battle, Richmond, Kentucky, August 30, at a spot I had passed only a few minutes before; another, G. W. Schrock, who had many virtues, in our last battle and by the *last* shot of the war fired into our regiment, April 8, '65, was mortally wounded in the trenches before Ft. Spanish, Mobile, Alabama. The detail in the trenches were just about to be relieved under cover of darkness from their dangerous position held all day, when lifting his head just a little to get one more shot at the enemy a bullet pierced his forehead just over the left eye, the brain oozing out. His student-soldier comrades watched in solicitude by him in the temporary hospital all thro' that anxious night, hoping and praying. Oh, but for that last shot of the Civil War! The enemy having evacuated during the night (Lee surrendered in Virginia on the 9th and the war was over) we were ordered north thro' the pine forests of Alabama, and he was sent to the hospital in New Orleans where in a few weeks he died and his body awaits the resurrection of the just. The doctor's son died of home-sickness. The Schrock brothers, Harry and Henry, captured at Gemtown, 1864, experienced for long months the unutterable horrors of Andersonville prison.

Resuming the outgoing, my record runs: Enlisted August 4th; into camp the 11th; sworn in the 16th; equipped the 18th; ordered to the front the 22nd; a forced march of 26 miles from Lexington to Richmond, Kentucky, the 27th; in a fierce battle against greatly superior numbers under Kirby

Smith, August 30th; wounded in the chin and on top of the shoulder, captured late in the day, corralled with many others in the court house until paroled September 1st.

PAROLE.

"Headquarters Army of Kentucky,
"Richmond, Ky., Sept. 1, 1862.

"I, G. A. Funkhouser, Private Co. A., 95th O. V. I., a prisoner of war, captured by the Confederate troops under General Kirby Smith, and this day paroled, do solemnly swear that I will not take arms against the Confederate States, that I will neither give aid nor comfort to the enemies thereof, nor communicate any military information to them, until duly exchanged according to the usages of war.

"The violation of this parole will be punished with death.

"(Signed) G. A. FUNKHOUSER."

Parolled, we were allowed to make our way back to Ohio as best we could. Cincinnati was filled with "Squirrel Hunters," fed at soup houses. By merest accident I was the first of our regiment to reach Columbus, where the depot was full of anxious people waiting any tidings of their friends in the 95th. I answered all as best I could. I could scarcely get away from them, and today I can still see the anguish on the faces of a father and mother of a dear young man killed by a cannon shot only a few feet from me the last stand we made.

In less than a month back in my old room, the west one in the Conservatory, and at the table down stairs, spread with the savory dishes prepared by Aunt Becky and Mary, I recruited strength and health rapidly, and my wound healed. The brilliant W. O. Hiskey, then of Minneapolis, calling one day and finding me asleep, afterward said, "You lay like a warrior taking his rest with his martial cloak around him." The college had opened with very few students. The Sunday School picnic procession going north on Grove street as I sat at the west window of my room paid its respects to the bandaged chin by drooping of banners and the smiles of the children.

Exchanged in December, sent to Memphis in January, opposite Vicksburg in March, helped dig Grant's canal in April, took Jackson, Miss., in May, stormed the fortifications of Vicksburg May 22nd, in siege till July 4th, when Pemberton gave up his sword to Grant, in siege of Jackson July 10th to 18th, encamped on Black River in August where, one Sunday evening, an order came from Headquarters of the Division, General Tuttle commanding, requiring me to report for duty to Lieutenant Meager, a regular army officer, then serving on the staff. From that day I served as clerk at Headquarters until discharged at Louisville, Kentucky, August 14th, 1865.

The Boys in Blue honored Otterbein by clean lives in the army. Of those enlisting while studying, only four, Strasburg, Shrom, Landis and I (there may have been others) resumed study in the college and graduated.

Otterbein Boys in Blue, living, have wrought well. Otterbein Boys in Blue, dead, of them who can adequately speak?

They deserve more than the fragrant flowers strewn upon their graves every Memorial Day, more than bronzed tablets in college and memorial halls, more than marble shafts high enough to pierce the clouds, more than the undying love of the living, *more*—"That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion: that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

G. A. FUNKHOUSER.

Dormitory Life in Early Otterbein

After almost sixteen years of Dormitory life as school-girl, afterward as "Lady Principal," which, with my little vacations reached over more than a score of years, one surely must have opinions on the subject and ought to be able to express them in some straightforward way at least.

With the very first group that went from the Miami Valley I found myself soon after New Year's day in 1854 late one evening before the door of the old "Ladies' Hall" at Otterbein, seeking admission. There were seven in our party who went by rail, with an "open hack" in which to finish up the long day's travel. Two others went through by private carriage, driven by two Westerville ministers who had been on business in the Miami Valley; making nine of us pioneers to begin study in Otterbein — four girls in their teens and five young men, their elders by a few years. All but one were brothers and sisters or cousins to each other. For historic accuracy I name these pioneers: Daniel R. Kumler and Salome C. Kumler — now Mrs. D. L. Rike — son and daughter of Bishop Henry Kumler, Jr.; Katherine and Jennie Flickinger — now Mrs. C. Hunt and Mrs. B. Walter — sisters of Rev. D. K. Flickinger; George Kumler, son of Jacob Kumler; Abram Flickinger, son of Jacob Flickinger — afterwards the husband of Mollie Kemp, daughter of Rev. John Kemp; Jacob Walter, and my brother, Amos D. Kumler, and myself, son and daughter of Rev. D. C. Kumler, M. D. It might be interesting to follow up these nine, but for lack of space in the SIBYL; but right here I might pause to say that already four of the nine have passed over to the "silent land." One, the first-named, dying in his junior year in O. U. almost fifty years ago, while George fell in the battle of "Stone River."

This going to college meant a great deal more than I can ever tell, to us all, to our families and to the long line of students started from the Miami Valley thitherward, and right here let me say that there has never been a time since then that one or more representatives of these families have not been in Otterbein. Many of their names are to be found among the alumni and alumnæ, while a son of one of the nine is now president of the Board of Trustees of O. U. But for various unavoidable reasons I think only two of the nine finished courses of study — most of them remained several years, while one or two scarcely became identified with the school.

SCIENCE BUILDING

Formerly known as Saum Hall and used as a Girl's Dormitory

But, as I said above, it was evening when we arrived, having lost our way by misdirection and thus having been belated, so that the candles and lamps were already lighted. We had been a merry group in the afternoon crossing that strange, muddy, half wild country in our "open hack," but as darkness came on we all became pensively silent, thinking of the dear home folks we had left at dawn of day, now so far away: we felt their awful loneliness, too, now that night was upon us. I can see it all yet as if an event of yesterday, so indelibly are the pictures stamped upon the memory and heart of youth: how we quietly alighted and clambered over the stile, lured by President Davis with his kindly light and the janitor with our baggage which now seemed a very part of home brought with us, and the good matron who led us into the little parlor where we were meekly interviewed as to the welfare of our parents and brothers and sisters and of our day's journeyings, and whatnot. While the tea was a-brewing and the lamps kept rising in our throats and the tears kept threatening all the while, meanwhile, happy girls flitted about chattering familiarly, assuring us thereby that they had just returned and were much at home. There we were for the first time in the far-away little town of Westerville, where was located our very own United Brethren College, away back there when Otterbein was very young and poor, but kind and good and brave. There we were waiting for our first little supper, which over, the brothers of our company were taken to lodgings elsewhere and we, by the matron, to rooms on the second floor where our dormitory life began.

I wish I could have you juniors see us as we sat down that night to scrutinize our surroundings and try to fit our belongings to them and "to talk it all over" as girls are wont to do. I think even charming Wagner would have bowed his utmost satisfaction at promise of our ideal "Simple Life."

But had we not gone for study? Had we not longed for an education? Had we not sat out in the evening twilight many times talking and planning and had even begged with tears to be permitted to go? For, many parents so needed the children at home — the girls to help mother in the house, the boys to help father on the farm — that they could illy be spared. Some parents did not see the need — and now, there we were, and trifles must not turn us from the very door of opportunity, so we entered in to stay. There were clean, bare floors, simple wood chairs bereft of paint, stools for washstands with little blue ringed pitchers in tin bowls upon them, good strong nails in the walls for our clothing;; there were old-fashioned bedsteads with clean straw matresses, a lamp, a stove, a broom and a match safe: what more was really needed for girls claiming earnestness of purpose? In the morning we found a long dining-room with a long table, divided into sections by imaginary lines; there three times a day we met our brothers and other young men table-boarders who sat opposite us and were served with good, simple food.

Sometimes it was not so simple, either, for well do I remember as the years came and went, the tussle one of the young men who for a time carved at his section had with a very obstinate roasted duck! Better not smile, juniors, or sometime you may have a similar encounter. But that long table impressed us very much next morning with President Davis at one end and Professor Walker, of Greek and Latin, at the other. Besides our dormitory — called "Ladies' Hall" — a three-story, red brick building, lodged the President and his wife, who was matron (we soon observed they all called her "Aunt Becky"), also Prof. Haywood, of the Chair of Mathematics, with his wife, Sylvia, who was "Lady Principal" and taught some classes — all these and the girl boarders. The President and Professors soon went out into other homes. Then there was the little frame chapel, maybe of first importance, with recitation rooms opening out from it and above it; and the little "summer house" which by and by came to be a favorite resort when the summer days came and the trumpet-honeysuckle and the purple wisteria with interlocked vines covered it with sweet clusters of blossoms. And I must not fail to note that here, to the summer house, more than half a hundred years ago, Benjamin R. Hanby came one day bounding over the green and sang to us snatches of his Darling Nelly Gray which he was just evolving and which has since been sung half round the world and has made his name immortal. These three buildings constituted the early plant and were enclosed by a plain board fence with stiles for entrances. In that little chapel we met each morning for prayers; there all the religious meetings, the great revivals, the lectures and "public rhetorical exercises" were held during all my student life.

In due time all these buildings were removed to make room for the large central college building and the Christian Association building erected largely by the self-sacrificing students and faculty of a later day. Then Saum Hall, which meanwhile had been erected as a dormitory for the young men, was refitted and given to the girls, and became the second Ladies' Hall and there we found a cheery home until February, 1874, when one cold night a terrible commotion and wild screaming upon the third story awakened us all to the horrible fact that we were in a burning building, when more than a quarter of a hundred of us were driven to the streets in wild terror and were scattered into other kind homes. But how all the girls did bewail the dear old Hall which they felt they had never fully appreciated before!

You see I must again and again go back to the beginnings. We soon met groups of other girls from other staunch families of our church who had come for a purpose, to whom we were soon bound by lasting ties. How I wish I could name them all here and the several lady principals and the different "stewards" and their wives (the matrons) and recount their many virtues. And I must not fail to mention the great large yard with the dear old trees where the wild birds sang wildest songs, where we might stroll and play at will and have little chats with our brothers and the brothers of the

other girls as they passed to and fro. Soon we were bending over our books and trying to bring our minds to our studies, which was difficult enough at first to girls somewhat unused to study. Then we soon learned there were "Rules and Regulations to govern our lives and conduct," and now I well remember we asked for certain rules to protect our hours for study, for, juniors, you may know that away back there when Otterbein was very young, there were, as ever since have been, a few who always had leisure time to visit from room to room at all hours! We asked for hours sacred for study and thence came "study hours" into dormitory life in early Otterbein, more than half a hundred years ago. We sometimes chafed under other rules and deemed them too strict and once several of us asked permission to go out into town for greater freedom, but parents and teachers soon helped us to see the honor it was to be in the dormitory under discipline that always sought to be home-like, the benefits of self-restraint one must practice mingling with so many others with frailties like our own. So that in looking back over the years from the standpoint of both school girl and Lady Principal, I cannot help deeming dormitory life the sweetest and the best for school girl protection, training and pleasure for those away from home. And I cannot help wishing that all the dear girls of our church and of our land might have that joy and blessing added to their lives.

Again I wish I could name the many lively girls I have known in all my dormitory and college life; not perfect by any means, for who is perfect? I wish you could know them as I know them and that you could see them now in the homes they have helped to build up and bless and in the other stations they fill, not only in our own church but among other churches — not only all over our own land but some in other lands far over the seas, bearing blessings as they go, some toiling in heathen lands, teaching the sweet lessons they learned from their dear Alma Mater.

And now that a beautiful commodious, well-equipped, modern dormitory has been erected, a noble monument to the generous-spirited woman whose name it wears, we rejoice exceedingly that a better, richer, fuller day has come to gladden our girls of the twentieth century. Let the wild birds, descendants of the very birds that so charmed us more than half a hundred years ago, sing on and on and build their nests and rear their young in those same dear old trees; let the very stars that we then and there learned to know better and to call by name, shine on and on and twinkle and whisper in the blue skies above; let the sons and daughters, many of them the descendants of the very ones we knew and loved long time ago, continue to come and build up noble Christian characters and win bright laurels and go out from thence to bless the whole world in the name of Him who has named and implored upon the very foundation stones of our Alma Mater till she with her goodly dormitories be crowned with the glory of a thousand years.

April, 1907. MRS. LIZZIE KUMLER MILLER.

THE PHILIP G. COCHRAN MEMORIAL HALL—GIRL'S DORMITORY

Dormitory Life in Otterbein Today

Westerville, Ohio, January 16, 1907.

My Dear Mary Anne:

Just think — a whole week has passed since I last saw you, but it seems like months to me for so much has taken place since I left you that morning at the depot. Didn't we have fun during our Christmas vacation? — and all those stories you told me of dormitory life! I have actually come to experience some of them! But dormitory life is nice, after all, isn't it? Oh, I just wish you could see our dormitory here at Otterbein. Of course it is in a very distressing state of confusion at this writing, but I believe it will be a very homelike place of refuge in a very short time.

I had the "blues" so bad last Wednesday noon when I arrived here at Westerville. I was wishing I had stayed with you longer, if for only a day. As I was walking slowly down Main Street and thinking of what a comfortable home I was soon to see at the dormitory, there came to my ear, from the second story of the Bailey house the surprised voice of "Fritz" asking, "Does the matron know you're out?" I walked on, turned the corner at Main and Grove Streets, and there before me, midst lumber, bricks, stone and other rubbish, stood that immense building — the dormitory. It did look so pretty with its three entrance porticoes supported by immense columns.

I was all the more anxious to get inside that immense building and see how cozy everything would appear. But alas! as I walked up the temporary long board walk leading from the front portico to the street, I was startled at the bold and glaring sign staring at me: "Unless positively on business, keep out!" Such was my welcome to the dormitory. I was really afraid to enter, but finally I mustered up courage enough to open the door and climb the short flight of stairs that ascend immediately from the entrance.

Such noises as I did hear throughout the building! Hammering, sawing, pounding, scraping! What a desolate sight I beheld as I walked down the long corridors that run across the building — rolls of carpet, tables and chairs, not yet unpacked, tool chests, carpenters' tables, nails, paints — everything in a state of disorder and confusion. My heart sank in a hurry at these sights. With greatly depressed spirits I proceeded to hunt my room which I finally located after much climbing over tool-chests and piles of lumber.

At first the room seemed awfully barren, but now since Isabelle and I have hung our pictures and our curtains, the room seems much more homelike. Our room is very cozily furnished; we have two large mission study tables, a six-shelved book-case, two rockers, two chairs, and a dresser which just arrived yesterday. Off the main room are two smaller alcoves each containing a wardrobe, an iron bed and a wash-stand. On the floor of the main room we have a very pretty body brussels rug. There are many things that are still lacking, but we learn that these will soon be added and then it will be complete.

Isabelle and I just finished putting things in order and are now ready to present our room to the many interested visitors who are beginning to inspect the dormitory. We like our home here so much and wouldn't go back to our former way of rooming for anything.

I shall write more to you later as my "dorm." experiences develop.

Your devoted,

GRETCHEN.

WESTERVILLE, O., February 10, '07.

DEAR MARY ANNE:

Hosts of things have transpired since I last wrote to you. Our domestic system has gradually evolved itself into a plan. We now have electric bells to eat, sleep and study by, also curtain poles, door knobs and a front-door bell.

We enjoyed our first repast in the dormitory on Sunday. I wish you could have seen us as we descended for the first time to the dining-room. It did look nice with the snowy white linen and the shining new silverware — yes, we really have silver knives and forks and not the wooden ones that were reported.

We took our places with solemnity and gazed with awe upon the toasted corn flakes and dainty bits of bananas which we have since learned to hold in reverence.

They tell us that when we learn to handle our spoons properly and eat our soup with our forks we may have our gentlemen friends dine with us.

Another improvement is the furnishing of our library, reception room and state parlor. Perhaps a word of explanation may be necessary as to the functions of these apartments.

The reception room is a delightful little room which is for the accommodation of your *brother* when he comes to call on some important and urgent business. You see, before the advent of this room there were two means by which a *brother* could find his sister. He could wait serenely on the campus until she, in the natural course of her mundane activities, happened along or

VIEWS IN COCHRAN HALL

she could be traced down by applying to the registrar who reported the classes in which she was enrolled; then by studying the bulletin with the aid of one of the professors who was acquainted with the changes in the program for the term, she could be located with some accuracy. All this red tape is now done away with since this room has been furnished.

Our library has a reading table, a window-seat, a splendid davenport and a piano. And this is where we are to receive our gentlemen friends who come to call on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. I really can not say which was more exciting, — to have a point oneself and wait in ecstatic excitement for the time to come when the card, bearing his name on the face of it and yours on the back, should be sent up to you, or to hang over the banisters and watch the points go out the door to the game. It certainly was an interesting experience either way. With what modesty and gentle formality did we descend into the library and gracefully shake the hand of the friend whom we had so recently known as a jolly table companion. With what glee did we receive the introductions by our careful mother to our well-known classmates. And with what a receptive mind did Susan listen to the grave advice that she should not keep company with Josiah too long, for they might become disgusted with one another. It is better to have variety, we are told.

But I have not described our state parlor. It is magnificent with mahogany furnishings, upholstered with green plush, and green carpet with pink rosebuds.

Really our life here is quite happy and not one of us would go back to the old way. I would love to tell you how we live and work and play here in our new home, but that will come in the next letter.

Your devoted,

GRETCHEN.

WESTERVILLE, O., March 22, '07.

MY DEAR MARY ANNE:

About the newest thing here in Otterbein is the code of rules for us girls in Cochran Hall. Last Saturday we met in a solemn assembly to decide about the propriety of certain actions at certain times.

After much deliberation it was agreed that from seven-thirty until nine-thirty every evening should be study hour. Every young lady is to be studying during this time and to be perfectly quiet (unless by chance a mouse should find its way into her room and then she may scream moderately). Again young ladies shall not drive in company with gentlemen in parties less than four. All lights must be out by ten o'clock. Seniors, however, are granted special permissions such as going to classes without a hat and entering the state parlor upon any occasion. They may indulge in "Mary" frolics with the faculty and even receive "telegrams" during study hour. Rules of lesser

importance abound. Ladies must not take magazines from the library, neither swing on the front gate. Bound on all sides by such rules, how can we go astray?

We are having some of the jolliest times here in the hall. I wish you were here, for I know how much you would enjoy them. It's rather a new thing for so many of us to be together and every author of a new stunt is surrounded by a large audience.

Patty Rogers is the very life of this place. One day last week her roommate returned from class tired and almost exhausted. She lay down upon her cot in her alcove and told Patty to waken her at least five minutes before class time.

Margaret was soon sleeping peacefully but Patty quite busy. Hastening to her apothecary shop in her window-seat she brought forth a roll of black court plaster. With this she decorated Margaret's face in a most fantastic manner.

Full five minutes after the bell rang, Patty called Margaret from the alcove. She made a petty excuse for neglecting her duty and sent the drowsy girl to class. But Margaret soon returned. The professor had kindly excused her from the remainder of the class, giving as his reason that she had already missed much of his lecture. It was not until the bell rang announcing dinner that Margaret stepped before the mirror and learned the real cause.

When I have more time I will tell you more of our social life, which you will enjoy, I am certain.

Your devoted,

GRETCHEN.

GOALS

F — ierce lessons.
L — ate hours.
U — nexpected company.
N — ot prepared.
K — nocked out.

S ylvia Worstell.
P earl Downing.
O ra Bale.
O live Rinninger.
N ora Thompson.
E lsie Fay Wildermuth.
R oyal Martin.
S tella Gifford.

The Seniors

Mary Courtright — Likes to talk about — you know who.
Schear — Eternal grins, his emptiness betray.
Ayre — Self-made men are apt to worship their maker.
Kring — Seems to dislike Shoemakers.
Gertrude Barnett — A nightly hunter and her prey is man.
Porter — Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.
Maud Truxal — Dreams of what is going on in Japan.
Smith — One a critic cannot criticize.
Snavely — A jolly old pedagogue.
Ora Bale — She's not made to be the admiration of all, but the happiness of one.
Risley — Could I love less, I would be happier.
Bailey B. C.—A jovial cuss.
Frances Barnett — Never looks at a boy.
Worman — Thinks all the girls are in love with him.
Nellie Boring —

This gentle girl who loves but few,
And stays at home so quiet, too,
Why does she all companions shun,
And only cleave to a single one?

Funk — Studies so hard.

Bertha Charles —

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Which do you think 'twill be?

Singer — Love's a thing of the past.

Charles — Better as he is, without roasting.

Sayre — A natural critic and athlete.

Worstel — Stately and tall he moves into the hall, the chief of a thousand for grace.

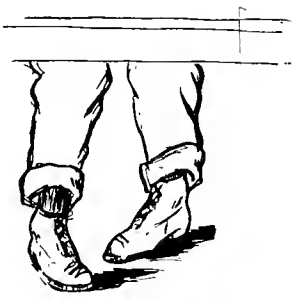
Meyers — Thinks he thinks when he doesn't think.

Mary Weinland — A mathematical giant.

Rymer —

His voice was low and sweet,
A pleasant thing in woman.

Bailey, O. A. — He must have a clothes line to keep so many girls on the string.



PROFESSOR EVANS IN CLASS

Mary Lambert —

Mary had a little lamp,
A modest one, no doubt;
Whenever Mary had a beau
The little lamp went out.

Georgia Park — Grows so fast.

Postlethwait — Seems like rather a sedate old man to be riding a pony.

Dora Moore — Talks so much.

Ask —

Mr. Menke why he used to always wake up in biology class every Monday morning just as the 8:30 car arrived from Columbus.

Blanche Bailey why her hat is so "bobby."

Ruth Moody why she turned Garwood down.

Fred Kline what it would profit him if he had a thousand neckties and then lost a collar button.

Frances Barnett why she said to Mr. Walter: "Those chairs are too near apart."

Jimmie Belchar how he knows that kissing removes paint.

Mary Lambert whether she is going to Africa or Germany next winter.

Custer about his hair cut.

r why he delights in making his stomach feel like a department store.

Margaret Gaver why she continually gasps for more Ayer.

Libecap why he wants to become the college sport.

Myrtle Karg what makes more noise than a cat.

In Ruth Williamson's room all roads lead to the looking glass.

"Baldy" to Frank — "Lend me two bits, Frankie; I want to go to Columbus."

Frank — "I'm dead broke, but wait a minute and I'll go borrow the money of Daisy."

Miss Bennett on hearing that Smithy was married — "Oh 'twas ever thus from childhood's hour! I never loved *any* man but what he had to go and get married."

Mrs. B. (excited at phone) — "I want my husband, please at once."

Telephone Girl — "Number, please."

Mrs. B. (snappishly) — "How many do you think I have, you impudent thing?"

Hawley —

Goodness, but I am good;
I am as good as I can be,
And I think I'm getting gooder,
Only good can come to me.

Mrs. Sechrist — "Mary, I see that the front gate is down this morning."

Mary — "Yes, mama, love levels all things."

The Sophomores from the backwoods came
To get a little culture.
This proves to be too much for them,
It is a perfect torture.

Mr. Porter, in Senior Bible — "The Ethiopians were said to be spotless men."

Mary Hall, translating — Impressit memorem dante. "He impressed a memorandum on her lips."

Heard in Prof. Wagoner's third year Latin class — "Ruo — ruere — rui — rudy."

Staley —

How many irons in the fire has he?
How many fish to fry, ask we?
Why bless you, he has more things up his sleeve
Than you or I could ever believe.

Mary Courtright to Frances B. — "Frances, what are you studying?"
Frances — "Milton."
Mary — "Oh! Let me see, Chaucer wrote that, didn't he?"

Who is Myer's most ardent admirer? L. E. Myers.

COLLEGE STUNTS

Dedicated to R. C. Niswonger —

Oh, there was a boy in our town,
And he was as soft as mush,
For every time he sees a girl
He gets an awful crush.

Morris (translating the Aeneid) — "'And I threw my arms about her thrice.' That's as far as I went, Professor."
Dr. Scott — "That's far enough! Sit down!"

Five little peppers — Naomi Jameson, Lucile Morrison, Winifred Bennett, Olive Reninger, and Adrienne Funk.

Latto says he will not have a home without a Hall.

Harry Thompson:

I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand;
A plug hat on my forehead
Four aces in my hand.

Mr. Wildermuth (reading in Public Speaking) — "There was racing and chasing on Cannibal Lee."

Mr. Jones, in same class: "So darling in love, so dauntless in war."

A RACE

Place — College Campus.

Entries — Walters, Trimmer, Titus.

Finish — Titus, first; Trimmer, second.

Time — 50 seconds.

Prize — First, Accompany Frances Barnett home; second, walk home alone.

"The best oration I ever heard written was of a man riding horseback on a mule."

Freshman — "I wonder if the Professor meant anything by giving me a ticket to his lecture on fools?"

Senior — "Why?"

Freshman — "It reads on the ticket, 'Admit one.'"

Curtis Young's prayer—

Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bunk;
Hope I die before I wake,
Thus escape a flunk.

Miss Z. to Miss Streich — "How's the Symble coming along?"

Miss Zellar, to Mary H. — "Mary, are you washing your face for Sunday School?"

Mary H. — "Why, no, Miss Zellar, I'm washing it to get it clean."

Miss Z. — "Young ladies, I wish you would noise it abroad that study hours begin at 7:30."

Prof. Scott — "The following is the motto of a girls' seminary: 'Jubet viciss-em.' This evidently seems to be the motto of some Cochranites.

One day I heard an awful noise—
Like fifty thousand cats—
I ran up stairs and found our puss
A-chasing Hester's rats.

A cat sedabat on our fence
As laeta as could be;
Her vox surgebat to the skies
Canebat merrily.

My clamor was of no avail,
Tho clare did I cry;
Conspexit me with mild reproof,
And winked her alter eye.

Quite vainly, jeci books, a lamp,
Some bottles, and a book;
Ergo, I seized my pistol, et
My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "ye gods,"
May I that felis kill;
O namquam, I took six of her lives,
The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,
Tho' man's aim was true;
Conatus sum, putare quid
In tonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit to my head
Scivi, 'twould make her wince,
I sang! Et then the hostis fled,
Non eam vidi since. —*Anon.*

Miss Zellar (in despair) — "You cannot change the leopard spots nor the Ethiopian's color, nor the table manners of a prep.

Heard on the front steps of the dormitory —
"Lucile, darling, is this Wednesday or Thursday?"
"I think it is Friday, dearest."
"Friday, of this week?"

The Mouse Exterminator — Edna Farlow.

"Did you hear about Prof. Snaveley's hens?"
"No."
"He's afraid of 'em."
"Why?"
"They're layin' for him."

Grace Mumma — "If my hand contained a lemon, what would you do?"
Pfoatzer — "Squeeze it."

Favorite Songs—

Harry Young — "I Was Seeing Nellie Home."
Beulah Bell — "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."
Latto — "So Long, Mary."
Helen Fouts — "Meet Me in the Moonlight."
Karl Rymer — "Thursday is My Jonah Day."
Prof. Grabil — "I Need Thee Every Hour."
Edith Cox — "I Want to Be a Nun."
Cloyd Bailey — "My Old Home, Far Away."
Curtis Young — "I'll Get Another One Just as True."
Miss Zellar — "A Charge to Keep I Have."
Pfotzer — "Oh, For More Grace."

ACTUALLY WORKING!

Ethel Hainsford to Louise — "Yes, Louise, I want you to come down Sunday night and meet Mr. Young; but you must *swear* not to try to win him away from me!"

Louise takes the oath.

Martin — "Mower, don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark?"

Mower — "Naturally, I can't help feeling for her."

Vinton Singer (returning from Philalethean Open Session) — "Say, that Beth Gerlaugh is destined to be a great *singer*."

Davis — "Professor, if a square had one side three inches and the other five, how long would the diagonal be?"

Mathias — "Don't you think that I'd make a good foot ball player?"
Helen — "I'm afraid you would be penalized too often for holding."

An atom is a little thing,
  As small as small can be;
'Tis smaller than a needle point,
  'Tis smaller than a flea.
I never saw one in my life,
  But when Albert came to school,
They told me 'twould take two like him
  To make a molecule.

Hiram Worstel (translating) — "'And the rhinoceros, with catlike tread, advanced across the narrow plank'."

Miss Guitner — "What verbs take a dative object?"
Wildermuth — "I don't know."
Miss Guitner — "I give you credit for telling the truth."

A shy maiden named Louise T.
Would smile at each fellow she'd see;
  But the boys would all sigh
  As she sauntered by,
And say, "You don't look good to me!"

Ralph Morris remarks quite often, "Let's see, do I smoke?"

Dr. Sherrick — "It would look much better if you would sit in your chair with your four legs on the floor."

Watson askibus sweet girlorum
If he could seeibus her homorum;
Sheibus turned up her little nosorum
And saidibus to him, "You skiddorum."

Minnie (to a circle of admirng friends) — "No, Mr. Levering *isn't* very handsome, but my! he *is swell!*"

Clarence (to Mae on the morning after her father's departure for home) — "Now, Mae, don't cry; here's a nickel's worth of candy for you!"

Freshman — "Ha, Smith, you'll not have a beard when you get to heaven, old dog."

Smith — "Scat, you little two-year-old; how do you know?"

Freshman — "Because you'll have too close a shave to get there at all."

Prof. McFadden (in Chemistry class) — "Why is carbonic acid used in the so-called 'soda water'?"

Enterprising Soph. — "Why, to make it foam, of course."

THE TUTELARY IDOL OF THE ART ROOM

Who are the "swellest" points in town?
Homer and Lucile.
On whom does the matron seldom frown?
Homer and Lucile.
Who rejoice in each other's sight?
Who go strolling every night?
Who are getting a "case" alright?
Homer and Lucile!

Mary Lambert (reading in Milton class) — "Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Grabill were sent forth to battle against Satan and his enemies."

The earth will cease to revolve when—

1. "Dad" Trimmer begins to study.
2. Garwood sits still for five minutes.
3. Risley is in a hurry.
4. Meyers quits trying to look wise.
5. Each boy in school has an individual telephone connection with each room in the "dorm."
6. Wildermuth thinks of something else than the girls.
7. Schear quits singing.
8. The Junior rhetoric class knows what is going on during recitation hour.
9. Alum Creek dries up and the cemetery is abandoned.
10. Smith agrees with some one.
11. There are no married people in school.
12. No one chews, smokes, plays seven-up or belongs to a mission-study class.
13. The members of the "stag" clubs think of their neighbors before themselves.
14. Singer can see something outside of a book.
15. Porter springs an original joke.
16. All serenaders have died or lost their voices.
17. "Tub" Staley gets to Sophomore Bible on time.
18. The Sibyl Board settles its accounts.
19. The Seniors have graduated.
20. Dot Warner quits laughing.
21. The Seniors get enough money to leave town.
22. Boarding is free.
23. The girls break the "dorm" rules without telling the boys.
24. Worman stops canvassing.
25. Nobody whispers in chapel.
26. Sam Postlethwait quits smiling.
27. We all play croquet instead of pool.
28. The matron finds all the girls in their own rooms.
29. Watson gets a girl.
30. Nellis Funk comes to chapel.
31. The college orchestra gets in tune.
32. You see "Pete" Williams by himself.
33. Nobody gets stung.
34. Worstel makes a recitation.
35. The Knocker's club goes out of business.
36. Beery prohibits loafing in the drug store.

37. The Freshmen get a basket-ball team.
38. There are no rival photograph agents in school.
39. Miss Streich takes botany.
40. The "Press Association" gets something to press.
41. Flashman "barks" for a side show.
42. No one stands in the middle of the sidewalk.
43. MacFaren writes his book of universal knowledge.
44. Luh stops carrying the world on his shoulders.
45. Cooper becomes a theatrical agent.
46. Davis forgets that he is a preacher.
47. The boys see that each girl has a point.
48. Nobody criticises.
49. Roop stops thinking that he takes all the girls by storm.
50. The Sibyl Board escapes mobbing.
51. The conservatory is equipped with noiseless pianos and voiceless vocalists.
52. All "would-be" orators and debaters lose their tongues.
53. All attend prayer meeting instead of the dance.
54. The lights stay on all night.
55. We have a college band.
56. The girls quit giggling at the table.
57. Hominy is no longer served.
58. The faculty quits presenting "extra tuition" cards.
59. The Seniors know what they want to do.
60. No one cuts Dr. Sanders' class.

Wouldn't it be funny—

To see Ralph Streich leading chapel.
To see Ray Bennett in a track suit.
To see Prof. Ruddy getting off at Neil Park.
To see "Dad" Trimmer with a girl.
To see Myrtle Karg without "Bingo."
If Nellis Funk would stop knocking.
If Charlie Flashman would wipe that grin off.
If Harry Young made no more Boring remarks.
If Daisy Cliffton should become a minister's wife.

Dora had a little Ayre
Who "studied Dutch with her"—
They had to use that as a bluff
For fear of Gavier!

A Smart Boy

One bright September morning,
Not very long ago,
There came to Otterbein College
A "Freshie," don't-cher-know.

He came from Columbus city
To study and to see,
And the first we hear of Johnny
He is up an apple tree.

Now Johnny was apt at learning,
But for experience he did crave;
So some naughty boys one evening
Tried to find if he were brave.

So they invited John to go "larking"
To an orchard near our town
And while he was up a-shaking,
Suddenly he came down.

For the boys did shoot and "holler"
And scared poor Wagner so,
That he cut loose from all his bearings
And dropped to the ground below.

Then without further ceremony
His departure he did take,
And by the help of "Pete" Ewry,
He finally made escape.

But soon he did discover
That his troubles had just begun,
For surely that poor right ankle
Was decidedly on the "bum."

He cut all classes next morning,
And evidently suffered some pain;
But through Huddleston's generous treatment,
He soon is out again.

Now since then, John seems wiser,
And has resolved for aye
That when he wants more apples
He will go in the light of day.

Adah Gaut and Mr. Barnes, out for a stroll — "I couldn't find any wild flowers, Adah, but I have a peculiar *lichen* for you."

"O Ira, this is so *sudden*."

A country girl who was viewing the sights of Westerville not long ago, on seeing Harry Sayre pass in his cap and gown, remarked, "Oh, my, ain't he a handsome Catholic priest!"

Schear stood on a burning deck,—
  So far as we could learn,
Stood there in perfect safety—
  He was too green to burn.
Susie, Susie, tell me true
If Wildermuth fail, what would you do?
You have loved so many boys, you know,
And this might prove an awful blow.

A Senior soon to graduate displayed his genius by saying to a Freshman at the Thompson Club, "Aw, you Freshmens don't know nothing."

Beeson — "Jimmie, has that alarm gone off yet?"

Weaver — "I guess so; I've hunted every place for it and I can't find it."

Olive Rinninger (translating) — "And the ostrich was rununing with its wings on the gallop and was using its feet like sails."

Mary Lambert (soliloquizing)—

"To be or not to be—that is the question.
Whether 'tis wiser in me to go with Glenn
To Germany and study music there,
Or to set sail for Afric's sunny shores
And Eddie's welcoming smile? To go abroad
No more; but"—

(Here she is interrupted by Prof's arrival to take her walking.)

Dr. Sherrick (in English class) — "We don't usually think of Sir Walter Raleigh as a poet. What do we remember him for?"

Keister — "He was the first user of tobacco."

Lament of a Prep.

I.

I want to be a wise, wise guy—
  I want to know how to dance,
I want to smoke a bull-dog pipe
  And wear full pig-top pants!
I want to have fun like some of the boys,
  And still never quite flunk—
I want, ah, me! I want to be
  A sport, like Nellis Funk!

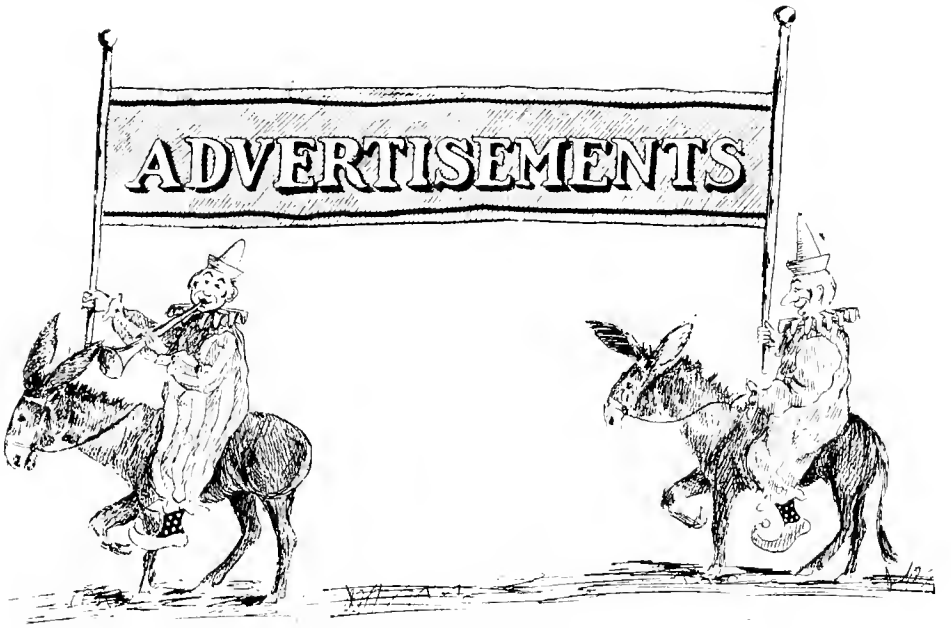
But I cannot—I am too slow,
  I can't keep up with the step—
I'd like to be smart, like V. D. Singer,
  But alas! I am only a prep!

II.

I want to be a funny man,
  With a Jimmie-Weaver laugh;
I want to be like Fritzy Kline,
  And talk like a phonograph;

I'd like to stroll round with the girls,
  And each night have a date—
I'd like to stroll round with the girls,
  Like Sammy Postlethwaite.

But, woe is me—I am too slow,
  I can't keep up with the step—
I'd like to be gay as Worman,
  But alas! I am only a prep!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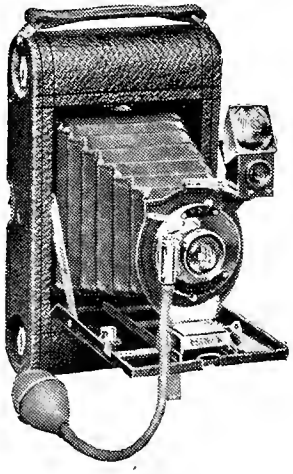

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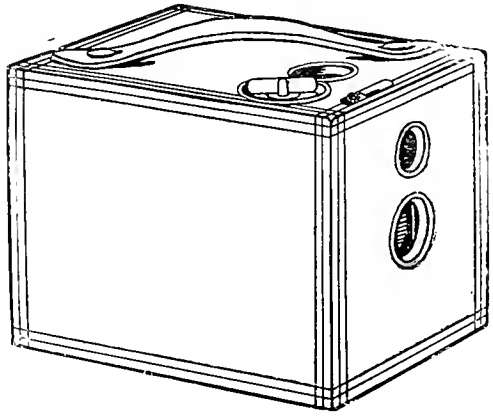

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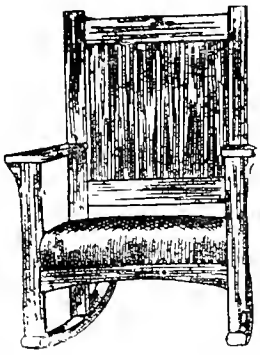

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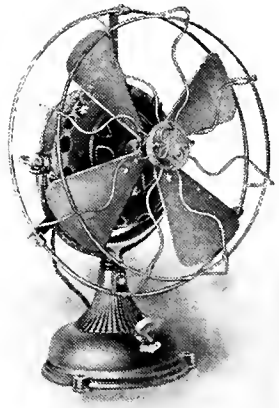

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